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## THE SOCIAL DUTY OF THE CRITIC

THESE are the days of extremes in all things. A society that has passed through an extreme experience bears away from it an impulse to extremities. Hardly ever, we suppose, was it more difficult for the moderate view to get a hearing than now. The tendency to see red, and nothing but red, is general, and so instinctive as to be hardly conscious. The case of Mr. William Archer, which we discussed the other day, is typical of a condition of mind which is revealed in the most unexpected places.

It has invaded literary criticism. Not that it is in itself a new thing that there should be extreme views and practices in criticism. In criticism there have always been more or less in evidence two opposite conceptions of the function of the critic. There have been indeed more conceptions than two; but two have been predominant and opposed. According to the first conception the critic has tended to regard himself primarily as a member of a literary confraternity, a city within a city, a member bound by honourable obligations towards his fellows. He might conceive himself as set in authority over them and delivering sentence upon their doings; but the sanction which he invoked for his verdicts was one which his fellow-members recognized. They in turn might consider that he had applied the law wrongly, but they assumed that he erred in ignorance. They and he alike recognized the existence of a code of decent behaviour binding upon themselves. The critic was there to castigate the sins and to praise the triumphs of art. It was not permissible to appeal beyond the critic to the public at large. Success was admittedly irrelevant; it might attend upon merit, and it might not. If it did, so much the better for the writer; and so much the better for the critic if he could deliver his written judgments in such words that the public understood and appreciated them. But his function was circumscribed. He too could not invoke the sanction of other laws than those of art. If he wished to become an influential critic

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he would translate his judgments into terms that were understood of the people. But he might not falsify them to give the public pleasure.

The other conception of the critic was opposed to this. He conceived himself as a member of the public, and his function was to please his fellows. He had two ways of doing it. He might set himself to write amusingly at all costs; he would take books or plays as his text, and, without seriously addressing himself to the task of forming a judgment, would yet contrive to be entertaining without violating the code of good behaviour which, as we have said, is tacitly supposed to unite men of letters. There was no obvious reason why he should not break every single law in the unwritten code, except the fact that while he pretended to be of the public he was not. He wrote for the public; he professed in print that he did not care a button about art, but only about what the public wanted. In private, however, he recognized an obligation about which he said nothing in print. He was silent on good things which he could not safely recommend to the decided appetite of his readers; he did not throw them out to be kicked in the gutter.

But the critic of this kind maintained at best a precarious balance. Extreme appetites grew with extreme

experience. People were no longer contented to be amused; they craved for stronger meat. Who it was that first gave them blood to taste, we do not know. But after it they had to be told that what they liked was good and what they disliked bad, and so room was made for the nominal man of letters who would appeal to "the good sense" of the general public, that is to say, for the man who would exploit the ignorant prejudices of the uneducated against work which he disliked.

Those who have been responsible for this degradation of criticism are many. We might single out especial offenders, but if this diagnosis of the condition of our criticism is roughly accurate there will be no difficulty in recognizing them. "Gusto" is the banner under which they have marched their mob

to the plunder of the temples. The inventors of the slogan could not have known what their successors would achieve with its help; they were good men of letters, as loyal to the code of their craft as any. They did not understand by gusto the bellow of a view-hulloa to the public pack whenever a literary man says, as he is bound to say, things that grate upon the general ear. They believed that beef and beer are good, as they are, but they did not profess to believe that the minds of beef-eaters and tastes of beer-drinkers are therefore infallible. On the contrary, they were themselves engaged in saying unpopular things. To say an unpopular thing with gusto needs courage besides ability; to repeat the views of the man in the street with violence calls for neither.

The signs are that we are in for an epidemic of critical gusto, opposed by critical esotericism. Both are wrong. But gusto may become, what esotericism can never be, a crime against literature. The esoteric at least remembers that the primary concern of the critic is with art, though he may forget that he is practising a difficult art himself; if he behaves like a literary cad, the offence is relatively venial. No one outside the world of letters will know of his offence; no one within will take advantage of it. But a like misdemeanour in a public exponent of gusto smells to heaven; it is desertion of his friends in the face of an overpowering enemy, an act of treachery that cannot be condoned or forgotten. The critic has to reconcile two duties: he has to be loyal to his art and to the public as intelligible as he can. He has to judge a work of literature by literary standards; he has to educate the public into understanding why his judgment was given. But the first of these duties is categorical; if he fails in it he is a renegade. If he fails in the second, he is only a failure.

### BIBLIA A-BIBLIA

A BOOK is defined by the "New English Dictionary" as "a written or printed treatise or series of treatises, occupying several sheets of paper or other substance fastened together so as to compose a material whole." It would also be correct, I believe (unless my science is even more out-of-date than I know), to define a Man as "a vertebrate animal belonging to the class Mammalia and order Primates, and distinguished by possessing an upright position and the power of articulate speech." But in both cases there is something lacking that is easier to miss than to define. There are upright, articulate Primates—using the word in its trisyllabic, scientific sense, without prejudice to the occupants of the sees of Canterbury and York—of whom one can only say, "God made him: let him pass for a man!" And there are multifoliate treatises of which in one's most lenient moods one can say no more than, "A man made it: let it pass for a book!" So much anyone will admit, "But which Pretender is and which is King, God bless us all! is quite another thing." As the veriest forked radish of a fellow may find some woman in whose eyes he is emphatically a Man, so the most inanimate of bound volumes may be a real Book in the eyes of some reader, while on the other hand a masterpiece of literature may be a no-book to another.

"In this catalogue of books which are no books—*biblia a-biblia*—" says Elia, "I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, Draught Boards bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without'; the Histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Paley's Moral Philosophy."

Of this list I am prepared to grant the first part, the generalizations—with a caveat on behalf of such scientific treatises as Darwin's "fascinating record that tells how little curly worms, give them time enough, will cover even the largest stones"; and of the particular and awful instances he may have Paley, that old enemy of undergraduate days, and Soame Jenyns, though Dr. Johnson did think his "View of the Internal Evidence for the Christian Religion" "a pretty book." As to "Minstrel" Beattie, "I do not know him, but damn him, on chance!" But what essential quality of the book is wanting in the works of Josephus, Hume and Robertson? Could no good thing come out of the Galilee of History? Would Elia have cast that learned Jew and Mr. Belloc into the same pit of oblivion, and confounded Motley and Sir James Ramsay as equally unreadable? Even so, how could any literary man, without even the excuse of a wooden leg, catalogue the immortal "Decline and Fall" as no book?

When Elia goes on to rail against "block-headed Encyclopædias" (mere trifles compared with the mammoths of to-day, whose hides would have more than sufficed George Fox for his famous leathern suit) for dressing themselves in good leather which might have decked Raymond Lully and renovated Paracelsus, I find myself wondering how much of those two authors he had read. Did they even stand on his shelves and accumulate dust, as they did for years on mine? Personally I would rather be condemned to read the "Statutes at Large" than Paracelsus—or even an Almanack. Indeed, I fancy there are many who would prefer Whitaker to Raymond Lully as a companion on a desert island or in a seaside lodging. What a veritable mental haggis for fine mixed feeding is Whitaker! Where else could you discover the close time for oysters, the import duty payable on tamarinds preserved in syrup, and the identities of the Presidents of Switzerland and China and that still more mysterious dignity, the Dominion Agrostologist of Canada?

Undoubted *a-biblia* are Atlases. They do not even correspond to the dictionary definition of a book; for a map is not a treatise. Yet many of us have spent pleasant hours poring over an atlas. The very names are a delight and a handle for the imagination—a handle, if you like, with which you may start the car of your fancy on tours unhampered by frontiers, physical barriers or lack of roads. Not only far-off Sacramento, Tamatave and Yaruba, but the comfortable, quaint or melodious names of the little, lost Down churches of our homeland. With the map of Dorset before you, you can travel in mind from aristocratic Sturminster Marshall, through absurd Tolpiddle, to bucolic Melbury Bubb; or, turning to Worcester, wonder what sort of people live at Flyford Flavell or Upton Snodsbury. Only recently I came across

a sheet of paper on which as a boy of twelve I had written out the plan of a tour through France, from Havre to Marseilles, by boat. Every stage was worked out in detail, even to the spot at which I should halt for lunch, and as far as possible some place of greater interest was always reached by Saturday night; for I was piously upbrought, and it was only by a struggle with my conscience that I allowed myself to do an occasional ten miles on Sunday. Much water has flowed under the Pont Neuf since then, and I have never made that voyage in reality—partly because of the discovery that the Canal de Bourgogne contains seventy-five locks in thirty miles (I speak approximately, from a memory of long pre-Pelman date)—nor do I suppose I ever shall; and so, like the poet who wisely "never went to Mamble," I have been preserved from disillusion and can still cherish the memory of the voyage I never made.

L. F. SALZMAN.

### NOVEMBER: THE MIST

The mist has made to-day seem weird and wan,  
A ghost of all the winters that are gone.  
Up on the common we can barely see  
The green track at our feet, and silently  
The vapour rolls on us from every side  
So that the green track is our only guide.  
We move as on an island; left and right  
Hollows of mist whirl softly to our sight;  
And seventeen miles away we hear a sound  
Boom faintly, strangely in the quiet profound—  
The voice of a great siren steadily  
Calling and calling through the fog at sea.

I cannot bear that sound! We must go back  
And leave the wandering mist and the green track;  
We will do homage where the logs piled high  
Blaze in their tiled shrine—then by-and-by  
With friendly creatures comfortably to play—  
The black cat and the golden and the grey.  
Outside is Dream-peace, shifting, undefined,  
With that strange, boding utterance behind.  
Here is the Peace we in this life desire,  
With love and laughter gathered round the fire;  
And we forget the horror of fog at sea  
While we are making our own toast for tea.

DOROTHEA SUMNER.

### THE GREAT BLASKET: POETS

She sat there, the strong woman,  
Dark, with swift eyes alert and laughter-lighted,  
And gathering that wild flock,  
This on her knee, that at her side, another  
Crouched hiding elfin-eyed under tossed hair;  
A calf unsteady-footed  
And muzzled with a stocking snuffed and blundered,  
And chickens hither and thither  
Pecked on the floor, fluttered on loft and settle.  
"Poets? And is it poets?"  
She said: "The day has been when there were poets  
Here on the Island, yonder on the mainland.  
And my own father's father  
Was the choice poet of the Island. Wish a!  
You'd go to the well up there to draw the water  
And talk a spell, maybe, then come back to him  
And he'd have the poem for you clean and clever.  
He had the wit. If only he'd had learning,  
Mother of God! 'tis he would have been a poet!"

ROBIN FLOWER.

## REVIEWS

### THE POETRY OF MR. HARDY

COLLECTED POEMS OF THOMAS HARDY. Vol. I. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

WE have read these poems of Thomas Hardy, read them not once, but many times. Many of them have already become part of our being; their indelible impress has given shape to dumb and striving elements in our soul; they have set free and purged mute, heart-devouring regrets. And yet, though this is so, the reading of them in a single volume, the submission to their movement with a like unbroken motion of the mind, gathers their greatness, their poignancy and passion, into one stream, submerging us and leaving us patient and purified.

There have been many poets among us in the last fifty years, poets of sure talent, and it may be even of genius, but no other of them has this compulsive power. The secret is not hard to find. Not one of them is adequate to what we know and have suffered. We have in our own hearts a new touchstone of poetic greatness. We have learned too much to be wholly responsive to less than an adamant honesty of soul and a complete acknowledgment of experience. "Give us the whole," we cry, "give us the truth." Unless we can catch the undertone of this acknowledgment, a poet's voice is in our ears hardly more than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

Therefore we turn—some by instinct and some by deliberate choice—to the greatest; therefore we deliberately set Mr. Hardy among these. What they have, he has, and has in their degree—a plenary vision of life. He is the master of the fundamental theme; it enters into, echoes in, modulates and modifies all his particular emotions, and the individual poems of which they are the substance. Each work of his is a fragment of a whole—not a detached and arbitrarily severed fragment, but a unity which implies, calls for and in a profound sense creates a vaster and completely comprehensive whole. His reaction to an episode has behind and within it a reaction to the universe. An overwhelming endorsement descends upon his words: he traces them as with a pencil, and straightway they are graven in stone.

Thus his short poems have a weight and validity which sets them apart in kind from even the very finest work of his contemporaries. These may be perfect in and for themselves; but a short poem by Mr. Hardy is often perfect in a higher sense. As the lines of a diagram may be produced in imagination to contain within themselves all space, one of Mr. Hardy's most characteristic poems may expand and embrace all human experience. In it we may hear the sombre, ruthless rhythm of life itself—the dominant theme that gives individuation to the ripple of fragmentary joys and sorrow. Take "The Broken Appointment":

You did not come,  
And marching Time drew on, and wore me numb.—  
Yet less for loss of your dear presence there  
Than that I thus found lacking in your make  
That high compassion which can overbear  
Reluctance for pure lovingkindness' sake  
Grieved I, when, as the hope-hour stroked its sum,

You did not come.

You love not me,  
And love alone can lend you loyalty  
—I know and knew it. But, unto the store  
Of human deeds divine in all but name,  
Was it not worth a little hour or more  
To add yet this: Once you, a woman, came  
To soothe a time-torn man; even though it be

You love not me?

On such a seeming fragment of personal experience lies the visible endorsement of the universe. The hopes not of a lover but of humanity are crushed beneath its rhythm.



The ruthlessness of the event is intensified in the motion of the poem till one can hear the even pad of destiny ; and a moment comes when to a sense made eager by the strain of intense attention it seems to have been written by the destiny it records.

What is the secret of poetic power like this ? We do not look for it in technique, though the technique of this poem is masterly. But the technique of "as the hope-hour stroked its sum" is of such a kind that we know as we read that it proceeds from a sheer compulsive force. For a moment it startles ; a moment more and the echo of those very words is reverberant with accumulated purpose. They are pitiless as the poem ; the sign of an ultimate obedience is upon them. Whence came the power that compelled it ? Can the source be defined or indicated ? We believe it can be indicated, though not defined. We can show where to look for the mystery, that in spite of our regard remains a mystery still. We are persuaded that almost on the instant that it was felt the original emotion of the poem was endorsed. Perhaps it came to the poet as the pain of a particular and personal experience ; but in a little or a long while—creative time is not measured by days or years—it became, for him, a part of the texture of the general life. It became a manifestation of life, almost, nay wholly, in the sacramental sense, a veritable epiphany. The manifold and inexhaustible quality of life was focussed into a single revelation. A critic's words do not lend themselves to the necessary precision. We should need to write with exactly the same power as Mr. Hardy when he wrote "the hope-hour stroked its sum," to make our meaning likewise inevitable. The word "revelation" is fertile in false suggestion ; the creative act of power which we seek to elucidate is an act of plenary apprehension, by which one manifestation, one form of life, one experience is seen in its rigorous relation to all other and to all possible manifestations, forms and experiences. It is, we believe, the act which Mr. Hardy himself has tried to formulate in the phrase which is the title of one of his books of poems—"Moments of Vision."

Only those who do not read Mr. Hardy could make the mistake of supposing that on his lips such a phrase had a mystical implication. Between belief and logic lies a third kingdom, which the mystics and the philosophers alike are too eager to forget—the kingdom of art, no less the residence of truth than the two other realms, and to some, perhaps, more authentic even than they. Therefore when we expand the word "vision" in the phrase to "æsthetic vision" we mean, not the perception of beauty, at least in the ordinary sense of that ill-used word, but the apprehension of truth, the recognition of a complete system of valid relations incapable of logical statement. Such are the acts of unique apprehension which Mr. Hardy, we believe, implied by his title. In a "moment of vision" the poet recognizes in a single separate incident of life, life's essential quality. The uniqueness of the whole, the infinite multiplicity and variety of its elements, are manifested and apprehended in a part. Since we are here at work on the confines of intelligible statement, it is better, even at the cost of brutalizing a poem, to choose an example from the book that bears the mysterious name. The verses that follow come from "Near Lanivet, 1872." We choose them as an example of Mr. Hardy's method at less than its best, at a point at which the scaffolding of his process is visible.

There was a stunted handpost just on the crest,  
Only a few feet high :  
She was tired, and we stopped in the twilight-time for her rest,  
At the crossways close thereby.  
She leant back, being so weary, against its stem,  
And laid her arms on its own,  
Each open palm stretched out to each end of them,  
Her sad face sideways thrown.

Her white-clothed form at this dim-lit cease of day  
Made her look as one crucified  
In my gaze at her from the midst of the dusty way,  
And hurriedly "Don't," I cried.

I do not think she heard. Loosing thence she said,  
As she stepped forth ready to go,  
"I am rested now.—Something strange came into my head ;  
I wish I had not leant so !"

And we dragged on and on, while we seemed to see  
In the running of Time's far glass  
Her crucified, as she had wondered if she might be  
Some day.—Alas, alas !

Superstition and symbolism, some may say ; but they mistakenly invert the order of the creative process. The poet's act of apprehension is wholly different from the lover's fear ; and of this apprehension the chance-shaped crucifix is the symbol and not the cause. The concentration of life's vicissitude upon that white-clothed form was first recognized by a sovereign act of æsthetic understanding or intuition ; the seeming crucifix supplied a scaffolding for its expression ; it afforded a clue to the method of transposition into words which might convey the truth thus apprehended ; it suggested an equivalence. The distinction may appear to be hair-drawn, but we believe that it is vital to the theory of poetry as a whole, and to an understanding of Mr. Hardy's poetry in particular. Indeed in it must be sought the meaning of another of his titles, "Satires of Circumstance," where the particular circumstance is neither typical nor fortuitous, but a symbol necessary to communicate to others the sense of a quality in life more largely and variously apprehended by the poet.

At the risk of appearing fantastic we will endeavour still further to elucidate our meaning. The poetic process is, we believe, twofold. The one part, the discovery of the symbol, the establishment of an equivalence, is what we may call poetic method. It is concerned with the transposition and communication of emotion, no matter what the emotion may be, for to poetic method the emotional material is, strictly, indifferent. The other part is an æsthetic apprehension of significance, the recognition of the all in the one. This is a specifically poetic act, or rather the supreme poetic act. Yet it may be absent from poetry. For there is no necessary connection between poetic apprehension and poetic method. Poetic method frequently exists without poetic apprehension ; and there is no reason to suppose that the reverse is not also true, for the recognition of greatness in poetry is probably not the peculiar privilege of great poets. We have here, at least, a principle of division between major and minor poetry.

Mr. Hardy is a major poet ; and we are impelled to seek further and ask what it is that enables such a poet to perform this sovereign act of apprehension and to recognize the quality of the all in the quality of the one. We believe that the answer is simple. The great poet knows what he is looking for. Once more we speak too precisely, and so falsely, being compelled to use the language of the kingdom of art. The poet, we say, knows the quality for which he seeks ; but this knowledge is rather a condition than a possession of soul. It is a state of responsiveness rather than a knowledge of that to which he will respond. But it is knowledge inasmuch as the choice of that to which he will respond is determined by the condition of his soul. On the purity of that condition depends his greatness as a poet, and that purity in its turn depends upon his denying no element of his profound experience. If he denies or forgets, the synthesis—again the word is a parable—which must establish itself within him is fragmentary and false. The new event can wake but partial echoes in his soul or none at all ; it can neither be received into, nor can it create a

complete relation, and so it passes incommensurable from limbo into forgetfulness.

Mr. Hardy stands high above all other modern poets by the deliberate purity of his responsiveness. The contagion of the world's slow stain has not touched him; from the first he held aloof from the general conspiracy to forget in which not only those who are professional optimists take a part. Therefore his simplest words have a vehemence and strangeness of their own:

It will have been:  
Nor God nor Demon can undo the done,  
Unlight the seen  
Make muted music be as unbegun  
Though things terrene  
Groan in their bondage till oblivion supervene.

What neither God nor Demon can do, men are incessantly at work to accomplish. Life itself rewards them for their assiduity, for she scatters her roses chiefly on the paths of those who forget her thorns. But the great poet remembers both rose and thorn; and it is beyond his power to remember them otherwise than together.

It was fitting, then, and to some senses inevitable, that Mr. Hardy should have crowned his work as a poet in his old age by a series of love poems that are unique for power and passion in even the English language. This late and wonderful flowering has no tinge of miracle; it has sprung straight from the main-stem of Mr. Hardy's poetic growth. Into "Veteris Vestigia Flammæ" is distilled the quintessence of the power that created the Wessex Novels and "The Dynasts"; all that Mr. Hardy has to tell us of life, the whole of the truth that he has apprehended, is in these poems, and no poet since poetry began has apprehended or told us more. *Sunt lacrimæ rerum.* J. M. M.

## A MICROCOSM OF BRITISH PHILOSOPHY

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY. New Series. Vol. XIX. Containing Papers read before the Society during the Fortieth Session, 1918-19. (Williams & Norgate. 20s. net.)

THE Aristotelian Society has become, during recent years, increasingly representative of all that is most vigorous in contemporary British philosophy. One of its best institutions, that of symposia in which authors of divergent views confront each other on some important controversial topic, is not illustrated by this volume, since this year's symposia have been published separately. Nevertheless, a very fair survey of the schools and tendencies now current can be obtained from the papers here printed.

Most philosophy is inspired by three motives in various proportions: the desire to know, the desire to find comfort and the desire to cause discomfort. All are exemplified by the authors of this volume, but we do not intend to disclose who represents which. We will merely state that the desire to cause discomfort appears to us (in philosophy) a more desirable motive than the desire to find comfort, since it is more compatible with truth.

We find that the papers in these "Proceedings" may be divided into four groups. There are two papers (those of Dr. Moore and Dr. Shand) which apply the traditional British method, analysis of common-sense data. There are three papers on theory of knowledge, two on scientific method, and three on what may be called religious philosophy, in the broad sense that it aims at satisfying desires of the kind that have inspired belief in creeds. Leaving aside, for the moment, this last group of papers, the other three may be taken as representative of three main tendencies in modern philosophy:

(i) Traditional British philosophy—as represented by Locke, Berkeley, Hume, the Mills and Spencer—never became technical. It could be read by gentlemen of leisure,

and was read by artisans. It started from common sense, criticizing its inconsistencies with more or less severity in ordinary language and usually in an excellent literary style. It arrived in the end at scepticism—at least that was its logical outcome, explicit in Hume, but concealed from the others in proportion to their muddle-headedness. Dr. Moore is an admirable representative of this method, by no means sceptical in temperament, but often driven into sceptical conclusions by his perfect intellectual integrity. He deals, in his Presidential Address, with such propositions as "this is an inkstand." He points out how undoubtingly we accept such propositions in daily life, and struggles to save them from his own doubts as vigorously as any theologian defending theism. Nevertheless, as we read, we find the inkstand fading away. If "this" means what we see, it cannot be an inkstand, but at best part of the surface of an inkstand, since we do not see into it or round it. But can it be even part of an inkstand? If we move further off, it will seem smaller; if we move to right or left, the perspective will change. These different aspects, it would seem, cannot all be parts of the real inkstand. Such difficulties lead Dr. Moore to suggest, in the end, a truly desperate expedient. He puts forward, as a tentative hypothesis, the view that an ink stand seen from a distance does not really look smaller than when seen close at hand, but only *seems* to look so. If we are to take this suggestion seriously, we must suppose that a fixed star really looks larger than the view from a mountain-top, and only *seems* to look smaller. Yet if we reject this rather strained hypothesis, Dr. Moore can offer us no way of believing in the reality of the inkstand.

(2) In opposition to the scepticism of the traditional British philosophy, two entirely different technical theories have arisen, the one that of the Critical Philosophy and its descendants, the other that of science. German philosophy since Kant, and the philosophy of those whose inspiration is German, has not been the gentlemanly amateur pursuit of "John Locke, Gent." (as he calls himself on his title-page), but a severe discipline, full of technical terms and unusual forms of subtle argument. We are promised, as a reward for our labour, a refutation of Hume's scepticism and a rehabilitation of Church and State. For this reward, however, we have to pay a great price, in addition to hard labour. We have to throw over as mere appearance the whole world in space and time, and to reject all science as a method of reaching ultimate truth. Moreover the ultimate truth to be attained has grown less and less as idealism has developed. Hegel could prove that there are seven planets and the Prussian State is perfect; Mr. Bradley can only prove such propositions as that no truth is, in the end, quite true. And as the rewards offered by idealism have grown less, the belief in the validity of its logic has also diminished. Only pale ghosts of the old systems haunt the modern philosophical world. Among these ghosts we are tempted to place the papers on theory of knowledge contained in this volume.

(3) Science, like idealism, offers us a world very different from that of common sense. But the differences are less fundamental, and the motives for them are quite different. Science has never set out to criticize common sense; on the contrary, it is based upon common sense, and its rejections are scarcely conscious. The world of science has resulted from the attempt to purify common sense of detailed inconsistencies wherever they appeared. If we were all taught science in youth, the scientific world would become the common-sense world: only ignorance prevents this from happening. Instead, therefore, of criticizing ordinary common sense, the modern philosopher ought to criticize science. But to understand science, in the parts most relevant to philosophy, it is necessary to have a considerable knowledge of physics, mathematics

and even mathematical logic. Such knowledge is rare among philosophers, because philosophy is usually associated with knowledge of Greek, and youth (the only period when it is possible to acquire intimate knowledge) is too short for both Greek and mathematics. Accordingly the discussions of science by philosophers are for the most part ignorant and worthless. Two writers in this volume, however—Mr. Broad and Mr. Heath—have all the necessary equipment, and have contributed really valuable papers on mechanical explanation and scientific method.

From the point of view of the general reader, probably the most interesting paper in the volume is that by Dean Inge, on "Platonism and Human Immortality." Dean Inge, as a disciple of Plotinus, views modern events and modern thought from a standpoint which is very different from all those to which we are accustomed. Whether, in the end, one agrees or disagrees, it is impossible (at any rate to the present reviewer) to withhold a strong measure of sympathy with the scorn which he pours on many of our facile assumptions. For him, the world in time, which is illusion, stands over against the eternal world, which is real and alone has ultimate value. He is impatient of the desire to go on existing in time after death: the true immortality, for him, is in the timeless world of eternity. The ideal of progress is anathema to him, because it seeks to place the good in the future, which is a part of time.

Ever since the industrial revolution [he says], and the social revolution which accompanied its rise and is likely, I think, to share its downfall, Western civilization has been living on an apocalyptic dream. In the teeth of all the discoveries of science, and all the lessons of experience, it has clung to the delusion that there is a law of progress, in virtue of which human nature becomes appreciably better from generation to generation, and the world—perhaps the universe—is advancing towards perfection.

By a portentous snobbery [he says a little later] it is assumed that the actual course of political change is a notable progress towards a higher morality, a deeper wisdom, and a better social order. "Thousands of rams, and ten thousands of rivers of oil" are offered to that *curieux fétiche*, democracy, not so much because any one really believes in it—the Labour movement has already frankly discarded it in favour of open brigandage and civil war—as because it is supposed to be the line of "progress." The conditions of the Messianic dream, in which the first Christians lived, and which would have involved the new religion in its ruin if Greek philosophy had not come to the rescue, have been reproduced in our time. The West has been dreaming of an apocalyptic Kingdom of God upon earth, to be established either by evolution or by revolution. The poor Liberals, now almost extinct, pinned their faith on the former method, the Bolsheviks have made a hell upon earth to expedite the latter.

The Dean of St. Paul's is happy in these apparently gloomy thoughts, because they encourage retirement from the vain shows of time into the untroubled realm of eternal perfection. For those among us who have no such refuge the matter is more serious. Our age is not unlike that of Plotinus. Will despair of the visible world drive thoughtful men, as it drove him, to detach their thoughts from earth, and seek the happiness of mystic vision? We hope not, for the world needs help and mundane wisdom, not despair and the half-insane ecstasy of contemplation that is born of it. But for those who have once seen heaven in a vision it is a hard choice.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

THE Trustees of the Whitechapel Art Gallery in conjunction with the Garden Cities and Town-Planning Association have arranged for a Housing and Town-Planning Exhibition to be held at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. The exhibition was opened on Tuesday last by Mrs. S. A. Barnett, and will remain open until Sunday, November 30. There will be no charge for admission.

THE Swiney Lectures on Geology for 1919 will be given by Mr. J. D. Falconer, D.Sc. The subject will be "The Geology and Mineral Resources of the British Possessions in Africa," which will be treated in a series of twelve lectures beginning on the 10th inst. at 5.30 p.m. in the Lecture Theatre of the Imperial College of Science.

## A NEW PROSODY

THE MEASURES OF THE POETS: A NEW SYSTEM OF ENGLISH PROSODY. By M. A. Bayfield. (Cambridge, University Press. 5s. net.)

IT has been known for some time past to students of English Prosody that, among the doxies of that most undulating and diverse study, a tendency to dethrone the iamb from its almost universally recognized place as the staple foot of English, and to substitute the trochee, was by no means the least passionately pursued by its sectaries. This tendency, as a tendency, is by no means "new." It is an almost inevitable corollary of the endeavour to identify, or at least to assimilate, musical and poetical methods and principles; and those who make much of Gildon might perhaps trace it to his ideas some two centuries ago, while there is something of it even in Campion, a hundred years earlier still. It is at any rate a constant result, if it is not an initial principle, in the almost famous work of Joshua Steele; and it greatly influenced that of Sidney Lanier in America more than a generation behind us, as well as that of other musical prosodists since. But Lanier hesitated to apply it to blank verse, and, to most other prosodists who have dallied with it, it has been rather a feature, or pretty resulting way, of their doxy than the doxy herself. One is therefore glad to find in Mr. Bayfield a more thorough-going knight of this Dulcinea, though, in this case also, the identification of prosodic with musical principles is the prime cause. On the second page of his book he writes: "The normal foot of our verse is called a trochee"; while elsewhere the iamb is said not to occur as a metrical foot at all. There can be no doubt about that "dependence," in the old language of the duello. There is also a further advantage in the fact that Mr. Bayfield is so sure of his ground that he hardly enters into any argument with those who might dispute it, and that, with the exception of a few glances at Dr. Abbott, he scarcely names any of them. One can therefore discard all skirmishing personality, as well as preliminary cannonades on distinct points, while dealing with him.

On the other hand, this undoubting positiveness of his makes it necessary to enlarge the "discard" (in the technical sense) almost inconveniently. There is always a danger, if you leave positive statements untouched, that you will be thought to admit them, or at least to find them unanswerable.

The number of such positions in Mr. Bayfield's little book is enormous. That in a verse it is the *stresses* that must recur at regular intervals is the first, and, though not openly contentious, it would require a careful definition of "regular." Another—that the stressed syllable *must* come first—is supported by no argument, begs the whole question, and will be simply denied by innumerable competent judges. Nearly all the definitions of "feet"—for Mr. Bayfield fully admits feet—such, for instance, as that an anapaest is a foot "with a weaker second stress on the second half," would have to be pulled up and canvassed at once. When we are told that Horace "shared and handed down the fundamental error" of thinking that the staple measure of Greek drama was iambic, it requires some self-restraint merely to murmur, "Horace was educated at Athens—at least the Classical Dictionary and Sir G. O. Trevelyan say so—and he must have heard, there and at Rome, hundreds of the most highly educated Greeks read and recite their own poetry," and pass on. When we are told that "the mistaken view" was "corrected by J. H. H. Schmidt," etc.—But there is a danger of losing seriousness in this style of comment. Let us therefore, with full warning that there are almost infinite special points on which we are ready to meet Mr. Bayfield, waive them all, at least as yet, and come



to the central question: "Is the normal foot of English verse a trochee?"

For us there is only one way of settling this question that can give the slightest satisfaction to a lover of poetry, and that is to turn to its results as given by the champion of the theory. It is the most welcome feature of Mr. Bayfield's book, and one fully and creditably consistent with his general fearlessness, that he supplies the amplest material for answering the question. Blank verse and lyric—what he calls triple and what he calls quadruple time (that is to say, what we call disyllabic and trisyllabic feet); the simplest measures of the ballads and the most complicated *lours de force* of Tennyson and Swinburne; he makes them all, as far as he can, take the form and pressure of the trochaic mould, by the aid of an almost universal anacrusis, "upbeat," or "catch," splitting off the first syllable.

Let us take some of these results that we may see them with the eyes and hear them with the ears that Heaven has given us—preluding only with the caution that certain provisos and "hedgies" of Mr. Bayfield's handling will be duly considered later.

Is

To: be or | not to | be A || that is the | question  
a fashion of metrical arrangement (there is no objection to the use of the caret *in itself*) that commends itself? Does

The: solemn | temples the | great | globe it | self A  
make as fine an effect (Mr. Bayfield thinks it specially fine) as the usual scansion of the line? Would anyone, not indoctrinated, dream of reading

And: laughter | holding | both his | sides  
with a separation of the "and"? People have "raved and recited" a good deal in the case of Tennyson's "Revenge"; but how is this for a manipulation of its glorious sweep?

At: Flores in | the A | zores Sir | Richard | Grenville | lay.  
One might continue *ad infinitum*, but these may suffice, adding that Aytoun's "Sir Lancelot Bogle" is made "anapæstic," with "casks are almost" as one of the anapæsts.

They are all—though care has been taken *not* to select extravagant examples—so extraordinary to anyone who has for years read English poetry with no regard to theories about it, but as it sounds in his own ears, that some such persons may ask: "Is there not a mistake? Does not Mr. Bayfield from some too curious consideration miss the 'drop' of the trochee altogether?" If such persons were a little advanced in prosodic lore, they might allege the notion that iambic and trochaic scansions of Cowper's "Boadicea" were "the same," and the question of an American writer, "What difference can *naming* and *dividing* the feet differently make?" But this is not the case with our present author. He sees and hears and scans pure trochaic lines—lines trochaic in rhythm and metre—just as we do, though it is perhaps a little tell-tale that he thinks the magnificent trochaic passage in the "Vision of Sin,"

Then me | thought I | heard a | mellow | sound,  
would be "disagreeable" if the rhythm "had not an obvious purpose." It is "Lose upbeat, lose everything," with Mr. Bayfield.

But it is time to mention an important—if it were only a valid—saving proviso of his. He will have it that rhythm and metre are, if not in actual conflict, quite distinct from each other; and he goes so far as to allow parts of a verse as iambic *in rhythm*. The great line,

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars,  
if scanned with anacrusis and trochees, suffers frightfully.

It loses the ineffable rise and climb of agony to the very "stars" themselves, and makes this give place to a "jigging vein" of commonplace. Now Mr. Bayfield, to do him justice, sees this, if only in part, and, justifying his taste at the expense of his logic, admits "an iambic rhythm" as far as "yoke," but adds that "the trochaic sequences of the long and important word 'inauspicious' impose themselves on the ear and lift the line above the commonplace" (what has become of "of" he does not say). Now surely an enemy might call this "mishmash." We are not allowed to substitute a trochee or an anapæst for an iamb; he takes leave to put half a line in iambic rhythm, and the rest in trochaic. The (as we agree) "beautifully modelled passage" on "The lunatic, the lover and the poet" becomes a sort of variety-entertainment of jumbled rhythms—iambic and trochaic, trochaic and iambic, trochaic saved by "resolutions" and pauses, etc. In fact, identity of rhythm and metre is frankly cold-shouldered.

Dissenting, we may say that, like almost all prosodic theories which look at theory first, Mr. Bayfield's necessities, even on its own showing, endless easements and epicycles to get it to work at all. The single and double upbeat (occasionally existing, of course, but exceptional, and never found in good blank verse or heroic); the "resolved" quadrisyllabic and even quinquessyllabic feet like "Marry to confess"; "irrational" syllables (the poor things are "longs that count as short")—these and other accommodating licences crowd his pages. There is no plain sailing; in fact, Mr. Bayfield would seem to agree with Dr. Johnson that "pure" metre, even in his adored trochees, is dull and inartistic. So for another and last example of his peculiar methods we may take no less a line than

To sleep, perchance to dream; ay! there's the rub.

Here again even Mr. Bayfield cannot mistake, but acknowledges, the essentially iambic *rhythm* "which has been so long mistaken for its scansion." Accordingly he postulates a "cutting of every foot in half with a great gain in strength," an additional mute syllable after "rub," normally existing and cut away, being also foisted in. Is it, one may ask without any passion, possible to imagine a more gratuitous, roundabout, and unnatural explanation of an admittedly great and almost gloriously simple effect?

The plain fact is that Antiphysis presides over the whole of this New System. It is natural to take metre as regulated and recurrent rhythm; so we are told that rhythm and metre are either in conflict, or at any rate different. It is natural to begin at the beginning; so we are told to shut off the beginning and begin next door. The immense and delightful *unsameness* of English feet and English metres—for no sane iambist dreams of reducing everything to the iamb, or of denying anacrusis, etc.—is reduced to a monotonous wilderness of trochee, simple or "resolved," and "upbeat"; yet we are told that the result of this latter process is "that exquisitely *varied* music which for generations editors and prosodists have done their best to stifle." The choriambic scansion of Mr. Swinburne's famous poem is as pure and clear and beautiful as anything may be, and Mr. Bayfield actually admits that the poet himself did "no doubt" scan his line

Love what | ailed thee to leave | life that was made | lovely  
we thought | with love.

But this, it seems, is a metre "not only unknown, but for several reasons impossible," though the reasons remain unstated. The true scansion is:

Love what | ailed thee to | leave || life that was | made || lovely  
we | thought with | love

an utterance which, though endeavouring to abstain

from flippancy, we must really call mere hiccups. And, lastly, though the list might be almost indefinitely extended, we are instructed that the form ~ of the anapaest "is rare" in Greek and English, and that in the form ~ it is indistinguishable from the true dactyl. Here at last we may partly agree, seeing that ~ is a true dactyl. But then, except in the realm of Antiphysis, it is not an anapaest at all.

Of course there is an opening for any *tertius*, whether *gaudens* or not, to say, "Well! your Physis is the other man's Antiphysis, and *vice versa*; and there's an end on't." Perhaps; it is for the English world that hears with English ears to judge.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY IRELAND

THE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF IRELAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By George O'Brien. (Maunsel. 10s. 6d. net.)

DR. O'BRIEN is to be congratulated on having entered on an almost unworked field in the tangled extent of Irish history. Since the great school of Irish historians died out in the early nineteenth century with Betham, Monck-Mason, and Lascelles, whose spirit lived on in Gilbert, we have had nothing approaching the modern standard of work, save monographs by specialists like Dr. Sigerson and Lytton-Falkiner, and the political histories of Bagwell and Mr. Wilson, most publications on the subject being frankly controversial pamphlets like those of Mrs. Green, or lamentable compilations like the "Constitutional History" of Prof. Swift MacNeill.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century Ireland was, for the most part, a waste. Mountjoy had adopted and bettered the methods of the Irish chieftains, and employed them impartially. Then for well-nigh forty years, from 1603 to 1641, came what Dr. O'Brien calls "the period of construction," when the government of Ireland was administered by a Council mainly composed of great property-holders, interested in the well-being of the country when not tied down by the superior claims of England. The outbreak of the Irish Rebellion of 1641 opened "the period of destruction," which the author puts, rather too vaguely, as from 1641 to 1660. The first ten years of that period were a hideous Saturnalia of slaughter. Two, three, at times four, Irish governments were fighting each other and the English forces to the death until the Civil War in England had ceased and Cromwell and Ireton made a solitude and its peace. "The period of reconstruction," 1660-1689, really began some few years earlier as far as commerce and industry were concerned. Dublin began to be resettled in 1651, and many English and American settlers helped to rebuild Ireland in the last years of the Commonwealth, while order and efficiency reigned supreme. The Restoration government under Ormonde and his successors carried on the task of rebuilding, hampered by the return of the dispossessed, till, after 1689, another period of destruction began, the consequences of which moulded the future fortunes of the country.

The arrangement of this book is lucid and evidently well thought out, and it is very easy to read. The author in each period first treats of the Land question; then of the cottiers, who, it appears, were never dispossessed of the land because they never had any rights in it, and remained on it all the time. The "dispossessed" were the chiefs and the tenants of large holdings, who were the victims of confiscation and, to a very great extent, were killed in battle or died in exile. The cottiers and

the small tenants were, on the whole, improved in material position by the change from Irish to English rule. After dealing with agriculture and mines, Dr. O'Brien turns to trade and industries, finishing with an account of Public Finance and of Coinage and Credit. He is at his weakest here. He tries the past by the present. The few Parliaments that met did not enter into government at all then: they met to pass laws sent over from England which could be enforced in the law courts. Ireland was governed by proclamations, enforced by the Council, not by courts of record. That these were "lawful" is shown by the fact that no Government ever obtained indemnity from Parliament for any of its acts, even the most oppressive; while only one proclamation was ever condemned as illegal, that of March 8, 1671/2, by the 1695 Parliament, because it admitted Roman Catholics as freemen of cities and gave them the power to own property in them. The "cess" or "assessments" were a usual method of raising the pay of the army, and when they were not paid in time the Lord Deputy gave an "assignment" on the county to the troops, who had to be fed and lodged to the amount of the assessment—of course a harsh way of levying the taxes, but unavoidable, from the Government point of view, at a time when coin was scarce. The author is also wrong about customs: the corporate towns did not detain the customs they collected (p. 89) so much as claim that they were exempt from them by charter and loyal grant, and the question was not settled till they were forced to surrender their charters. Moreover he misrepresents Charles I.'s "illegal" doubling the customs in 1627 (p. 88). They were only doubled in the case of aliens exporting goods to foreign countries, and, as the nation was at war, and the royal power of fixing customs was upheld by the courts, the increase was not unreasonable.

Dr. O'Brien's book is so good that it ought to have been better. The Council Books of Ireland being destroyed, we can learn the history of its government from only two sources: what it was thinking about from the Domestic State Papers, what it did from its Proclamations. Of the latter source he has made little use. It is rather disheartening, when one has spent several years of one's life, and the late Lord Crawford several thousand pounds, in making these documents available to students of the Tudor and Stuart periods, to find a historian of Dr. O'Brien's calibre with the book under his hand (p. 157) making no use of it. If he had run through its pages he would have been saved from quoting proclamations that never existed (p. 97), giving wrong dates for others (p. 208), and misrepresenting the effect of still others (p. 114, etc.). It is, we think, unfair to quote proclamations restricting the export of corn in famine time, and limited to six months, as being in restraint of trade: if Ireland had had a Government strong enough to do that in the Famine year, it would not have lost one-third of its population by starvation while ships laden with wheat were daily leaving its harbours. We at the present day are sufficiently acquainted with the process of forbidding all exports, and then granting licences, to feel that there may have been good reasons for such a course even when taken by an Irish Government. But these little slips hardly detract from the value of the book, which is the most illuminating account of the social and economic life of seventeenth-century Ireland we have ever seen, written in an unusually non-partisan spirit. We hope that its success will encourage the author to enlarge and amend it in a second edition.

R. STEELE.

IN the forthcoming production of Webster's "Duchess of Malfi," with which the newly-formed society, the Phoenix, opens its first season, the part of the Duchess will be played by Miss Ethel Irving.

## THREE APPROACHES

THE GREAT HOUSE. By Stanley Weyman. (Murray. 7s. net.)  
 THE SPLENDID FAIRING. By Constance Holme. (Mills & Boon. 6s. net.)

RICHARD KURT. By Stephen Hudson. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE citizens of Reality are "tied to town" and very content to be so tied, very thankful to look out of window on to a good substantial wall, plastered over with useful facts and topped with a generous sprinkle of broken bottle glass. Nevertheless, they are for ever sighing to travel. Not that they are prepared for long and difficult journeys. On the contrary. What they cannot have enough of is the small excursion, the timid flight just half-way to somewhere, just so far that Reality and its wall is out of sight while they picnic in the unfamiliar landscape, which distracts but does not disturb.

A glance at the inside title-page of Mr. Stanley Weyman's new novel tells us that he has provided many such a *festa*, and another at the list of chapter headings assures us how expert he has become at his particular form of entertainment. The chapter headings are curiously revealing; they are like a list of stations on a particular railway line from which we learn the kind of country the train passes through, as well as its starting point and its destination: The Hotel Lambert—Homeward Bound—The Gatehouse—The Yew Walk—The Great House at Beaudelays—My Lord Speaks—Mary is Lonely—Missing—A Footstep in the Hall—Mary makes a Discovery—My Lord Speaks Out—A Turn of the Wheel—"Let us make others thankful." Here is the little touch of historical France of which the author is so fond, then the lonely heroine brought to England by her kinsman, Lord Audley, to the house of his cousin and his enemy. Why his enemy? His cousin lays claim to the title. If a certain Bible could be found and certain papers . . . My Lord is fair without and false within. He woos and wins Mary by his masterfulness. The cousin is old and wicked, dying of heart disease and revenge; his faithful servant listens at keyholes and behind bushes. And there is another, a good silent man who sees it all and says nothing—but acts. The will is found, the cousin dies, Mary breaks off her engagement and re-engages herself to the silent one, and burns the will into the bargain. If wills are as agile as novelists and playwrights would have us believe, it is no wonder that they provide an inexhaustible subject . . . According to them, the soul no sooner flies from the body than the will takes parchment wings unto itself and flies also—up the chimney, down into the cellar, or behind the portrait with the piercing eyes.

Miss Constance Holme makes her appeal to a very different public. Whereas Mr. Weyman impresses us as an author who is as conscious of his audience as is a producer of plays—he has his eye upon it all the time, heightening an effect here, keeping this back, putting in a pair of branched candlesticks or the muffled tramp of many feet for its delight, never for his—we are certain Miss Holme would go on writing if every publisher in England (which Heaven forbid) forsook his calling and ran away to sea. We have not seldom remarked the curious naïve pleasure that many women take in writing for writing's sake. The mind pictures them half wonder, half joy, to find that they can put these lovely tender-coloured words together—can string these exquisite sentences out of a morning's ramble in the garden or the meadow or gathering cold sea-shells . . . But it is a dangerous delight, for what so often happens is that they are quite carried away, forgetting all about the pattern they intended to follow or embroidering it so thickly that none but themselves can discover its original outline.

Something of this fate has overtaken "The Splendid Fairing." The pattern is yet another peasant drama. "Perhaps it never would have happened but for the day,"

says the authoress, and she goes on to describe the kind of day that would have put it out of the question, and finally the day that brought it to pass.

. . . Everywhere . . . there was mist—that strange, wandering, thinking mist that seems to have nothing to do with either earth or air; and when the slow dark drew back there would be mist everywhere again.

So thick are its dropping veils that Miss Holme's novel is at times completely hidden; is, as it were, frayed away, spun away in a delicate white woolliness. She has her story to tell of a little feud between two families. Each family has a son, like each other as two peas, and they run away to Canada. When one comes back his half-blind mother takes him for the other, and to revenge her lifelong hatred sends him out at night to what she knows is his certain death by "the white tide horses." It is an improbable story at best, and Miss Holme's attention is well-nigh persistently divided between the telling of it and all the wavy shapes and shadows, the gull, the heron, and the marsh, that she finds irresistible, until at last she would seem to believe that the attention of the peasant is equally divided, and that he, too, hears "the messenger from the deep, sweeping its garment over the head of the crouched waste as it sped to deliver its challenge at the locked gate of the sea wall." But this is a little pit lying at the feet of all who write about peasants . . .

The attitude of the author of "Richard Kurt" to his audience is a far more complex affair. Reading the first chapter we were under the impression that this was a sequel to a former novel in which Richard's childhood, marriage, and life had been described, with such a wave of the hand, were these events mentioned and dismissed. Then on page 3 there occurred an extraordinarily minute description of Richard's father: "He wore a short, square-cut beard which, originally red, had turned gradually, with years, to a golden-grey. The hair, though thinned, was yet uncommonly plentiful for a man approaching sixty, and curled away from its central parting in large, crisp, grey-brown waves above a forehead unusually high and broad and white. The eyes, nearly always averted save for swift glances, were dark and small and very piercing . . ." and so on, down to "the hand . . . slender and symmetrical, with long fingers . . . covered with red hair." The whole tone of that is of an introduction; it reads indeed like the beginning of a first novel; there is a kind of over-eagerness to make Mr. Kurt vivid in the abundant use of the adjectives. This tone is more or less maintained until, with the second chapter, we find ourselves—certainly not introduced to—but asked to accept most fully and freely—the fact of Elinor.

It happens sometimes, perhaps, that sitting in a railway carriage at night, or sleeping in a steamer cabin, we overhear a long conversation between two persons about a third, and the conversation is punctuated with: "Well, you know what she is like" or "You can imagine what she said to that"—and we find ourselves, nodding and smiling and shaking our head—we can indeed! Thus it is that Mr. Stephen Hudson conveys this brilliant and horrible little personality to us—as though he were talking to someone who knew all about her from the beginning—and we, his readers, are overhearing what they have to say. Gradually we learn that she is dark and slender, with tiny feet and long eyelashes; that she loves to dress in pale blue; that she has a passion for minute dogs. This is the outward Elinor. But her temper, her jealousy, her boundless vanity and extravagance—this is Elinor as we know her after we have listened. There is no plot to the novel; it is an account of how Richard Kurt wasted, idled through several years of his life, now happily and now unhappily. He is never more than a shadow; but first Elinor and then Virginia, the second woman of the book, are amazingly real.

K. M.



## A VIRGILIAN CENTO

HOSIDIUS GETA'S TRAGEDY "MEDEA": A VIRGILIAN CENTO.  
Latin Text with Metrical Translation by J. J. Mooney.  
(Birmingham, Cornish Brothers. 4s. 6d. net.)

THE "Medea" of Hosidius Geta is one of the minor curiosities of Latin literature. The author, as we learn from a passage in Tertullian, flourished about the end of the second century, and he appears to have been an African. His play, which is a cento made up of verses and half-verses taken from Virgil, deals with the familiar story of Medea's vengeance on Jason. It need hardly be said that the work itself has no claim to interest as literature, though M. Paul Monceaux in his study of the African writers ("Les Africains") confesses with alarm that it shows a certain skilful *mise en œuvre*. The puerile idea of the cento is one product of that perverse ingenuity which had its home in the schools of rhetoric, and showed itself in many different forms from the days of Fronto until the close of the Middle Ages.

Literature had become entirely the property of the grammarian and the rhetorician, and the evils of unintelligent imitation and pedantry grew only worse as the divorce between the spoken and the written language became more pronounced. One rhetorical perversion, indeed, had fortunate results. Assonance and rhyme passed from their original use as the ornaments of rhetorical prose to a new and marvellous application as the ornaments of verse. But it was merely misplaced ingenuity which proceeded from the construction of verses beginning and ending with monosyllables to alphabetical and epanaleptic poems, to picture-acrostics like those of Fortunatus, and culminated in the ninth century in Hucbald's poem in praise of baldness, a poem beginning with the line

Carmina clarisonæ calvis cantate camœnæ,

and continuing until the end on the same letter.

The worst perversion of all was undoubtedly the cento. Mr. Mooney, on the authority of Quintilian, seeks to trace back the evil practice to a joke of Ovid's; but, whoever began it, it became in the end a favourite form of literary exercise, and Virgil was the usual victim. The indecent "Centio Nuptialis" of Ausonius has almost achieved fame, but a similar attempt of Luxorius was by no means so successful. The most remarkable Christian cento is the poem composed by a Roman lady named Proba, whom Mr. Mooney wrongly calls by the name of her granddaughter Faltonia (Mr. Mooney prints it Falconia) Proba. Of this lady and her attempt to make Virgil sing the story of man's fall and redemption, Mr. Glover gives an interesting account in his "Life and Letters in the Fourth Century." Victorinus, a famous African rhetorician, who became a Christian, is the reputed author of a poem on the Passion, which is practically a Virgilian cento; and a pastoral in which Tityrus strives to convert Melibœus in Virgilian phrases is ascribed to an unknown Pomponius. But pride of place in the history of this form of composition must surely be given to that Mavortius, "author of a cento on the Judgment of Paris, who," says Comparetti, "got at last to *improvising* Virgilian centos; and one of these improvisations in which he modestly declines the title of the 'modern Virgil' is still extant."

In his Introduction Mr. Mooney gives a very meagre account of the history of the cento. He might well have treated the subject in some detail, showing the relation of the cento to the schools and to the study of Virgil. A bibliography would also have been of value. It may be useful, in this connection, to mention Delepierre's two handsome, but not wholly reliable volumes, entitled "Tableau de la Littérature du Centon," and the full

account of Christian centos in Manitius's "Geschichte der christlich-lateinischen Poesie" and in Ebert's general history of mediæval literature.

Mr. Mooney has chosen, unfortunately, to spend his energy on an uninteresting verse translation of Geta's poem; he renders the hexameter dialogue into the dullest blank verse, and the choric measures (composed of the last three and a half feet of an hexameter) into jerky lines of eight syllables. He closes the volume with an essay on Old Roman Magic, which contains a great deal of curious information, but is in no sense a critical study of the subject.

F. J. E. R.

## NINETY YEARS AGO

UNDER the heading "Fine Arts" we find in THE ATHENÆUM for November 4, 1829, a review of "The Illustrations of the Forget-me-not: the Literary Souvenir: and the Bijou." Living up to the "advanced" reputation of the paper, THE ATHENÆUM's critic takes the opportunity of disparaging the Academicians in general, and their president, Sir Thomas Lawrence, in particular, by comparing their fashionable manner with that of Wilkie, an engraving of whose portrait of a "Spanish Princess" appears in the pages of the "Forget-me-not":

When we regard it [Wilkie's portrait] a suspicion will even venture to obtrude itself that the portrait of an elegant lady, from the President of the British Royal Academy, is not after all the achme [*sic*] of excellence in the fine arts. It even suggests the enquiry whether a very elegant lady may not be a vastly insipid companion . . . ; and that a little originality of character—a spirit capable of self-direction and not entirely formed after a model in general vogue, however much approved, might be a very agreeable exchange for the air of fashion which has been very happily or very unhappily nicknamed "patrician beauty."

This portrait (of the Princess Doria) had been exhibited at the Academy in the course of 1829, and was one of a series of works in which Wilkie had turned for inspiration to Spanish models in place of the Dutch favourites of his earlier days. Curiously enough, in view of the critic's gibes at Lawrence and the fashionable Court painters, Wilkie was in the following year, 1830, to become painter in ordinary to the King on Lawrence's death.

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

AMONG the books recently added to the Library of the British Museum the following may be mentioned: Thomas Aquinas, *De diuinis moribus imitandis*. [Seuerinus Ferrariensis, Ferrara, c. 1475.]—Andreas Brentius Pataunus, *Oratio in die Pentecostes*. [Eucharius Silber, Rome, c. 1483.]—Terentius, *Comoediae cum familiarissima interpretatione Guidonis Iuuenalis*. [Perrin Le Masson and Bonifacius Iohannis, Lyon, 1495. With the device of the firm on the title-page.—Walter Crane, *The Relation of Art to Education and Social Life*. No. 1. of the Leek Press Papers, 1892.

## BOOK SALE

ON Monday, October 27, and the three following days, Messrs. Sotheby sold the third portion of the stock of the late Mr. W. J. Leighton, who traded as J. & J. Leighton, of 40, Brewer Street, Golden Square. The most important lots were: Alexander Magnus, *Historia Trium Regum*, English MS., c. 1400, £33 10s. Breviary, MS., 14th century, from the Convent of Coesvold, in its original monastic binding, £20 10s. Cologne Chronicle, printed at Coeller, 1499, £25. *Dialogus Creaturarum*, Antwerp, 1491, £22 10s. *Festivale et Dominicale* from the monastery of St. John the Baptist at Rebdorff, 12th century, £45. Gafurius, *Theorica Musici*, 1492, £31. Isidorus Hispalensis, *Etymologiarum*, 1472; *De Responione Mundi*, 1472, £27. Jacobus de Valentia, *In libros Psalmorum*, 1506, £20. Frère Laurent, *Le Miroir du Monde*, MS., 15th century, £25. *Le Fevre, Histories of Troye*, 1553, £31. Loggan, *Oxonia Illustrata*, 1675; *Cantabrigia Illustrata*, n.d., £25. Missal, Italian MS., 15th century, £21. *Myrrour and Description of the Worlde*, printed by Laurence Andrews, c. 1530, £72. *Rolle de Hampole, The Pricke of Conscience*, MS., 15th century, £50. *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*, MS., 14th century, £31. Statham, *Abridgment of the Law*, Rouen, c. 1490, £42. *Opera del Tagliente*, 1500; *Ornamento delle donne*, n.d., £40. *Tractatus Corpus Christi*, Paris, 1494, £20. Walton, *Compleat Angler*, 1655, £21 10s. The total of the sale was £3,843 1s. 6d.

## LORD BRYCE ON WORLD HISTORY

THE inaugural Raleigh Lecture was delivered by Lord Bryce at a meeting of the British Academy on October 29. This annual lecture has been instituted under the Raleigh Fund, the nucleus of which is a sum of £500 a year provided by Sir Charles Wakefield for the encouragement of historical study and research. During the war epoch through which we have been passing, Lord Bryce pointed out, the world has for the first time become conscious of itself as a unity. We are the first generation that in the full sense has experienced world history. And the same generation has seen the confines of history thrust back into remoter ages, and witnessed the birth of what may be called prehistoric history. World history now begins thousands of years earlier than the times contemplated by its founder Herodotus.

No sharp line can be drawn between universal history and the philosophy of history; the one deals with the brotherhood of mankind, the other with mankind's psychology. The important principle is the unity of history, the connected record of what man has done—in short, the history of civilization. There are various ways of studying this. Lord Acton based it on the idea of the development of liberty; another thread was economic development; and still another fruitful method was to trace the causes and processes by which nations and States have been drawn together into one common life. In the prehistoric age the human world consisted of sparse populations associated in small groups, having no intimate relations with each other, but enjoying much the same standard of life, arts, and culture, through the pressure of common conditions. At the dawn of recorded history large populations had come into existence, possessing large armies, great cities, commerce by land and sea, and the other evidences of long development. There were great racial groups, but a vast number of separate peoples; definite types and a multiplicity of languages. Fifty-three nations followed Xerxes across the Hellespont. Commerce, conquest and colonization, and religion have been the chief forces shaping history since, the decisive events in the evolution of the modern world being the Alexandrian conquests, the expansion of Rome, the discovery of the Western hemisphere, and the partition of Africa. Progress has resulted from the opposite movements of divergence and convergence. Many human types have been destroyed or absorbed. Convergence of interests on the other hand, and reciprocal action between peoples, together with the increase of population, which went on at an unexampled rate during the last two centuries, have drawn mankind into larger groups in closer touch with each other, reduced the number of languages spoken and the prevailing forms of civilization—have in fact assimilated the nations in everything except material strength and racial type. The philosophic arts, literature and science, have been no small factor in bringing mankind together, and among the greatest individual agents, after Alexander, Buddha, St. Paul, Columbus, must be named such men as Watt and Pasteur. Small groups have been extinguished, larger groups absorbed, but yet others have coalesced by a process of assimilation, as, for instance, the three races in Britain. Difference of colour is the most formidable obstacle to absorption or assimilation. In America and Africa this antagonism is as strong as ever; certainly no remedy is in sight. Yet there might eventually be a complete fusion, and since it must work from the higher downwards, the European maintaining the ascendant, such a fusion need not be deplored.

The future may be with the most prolific rather than the most civilized. Liberty itself is threatened by the apostles of a better world. Whether the world will advance still further in the spiritual sense is a question not to be answered. The great creative minds are not less rare as the generations progress: there is no average of genius. Nineteenth-century optimism has been severely shaken: the devil can no longer go on shamming dead. This is the moment when we must face the most decisive test in history. All that can be said is that, if we take several centuries into account, the balance is slightly in our favour.

A cordial vote of thanks was moved by Sir Charles Wakefield and seconded by the American Ambassador.

## Science

## STELLAR UNIVERSES

RECENT investigations on the structure of what we are accustomed to call the stellar universe have reached results which, although they must be considered as constituting no more than a first sketch, are extremely suggestive. The scale on which the universe is constructed first became apparent early in the nineteenth century, when the distances of some of the nearer stars were successfully determined. The photographic telescope has made us familiar also with the fact that, although such vast distances separate the stars, they are almost literally as the sands on the sea-shore for multitude. It is certain that the stars revealed by a photographic survey of the heavens must be reckoned by hundreds of millions. In spite of their vast number, the stars are, judged by our ordinary standards of density, scattered very sparsely through space. If, taking the sun as centre, we describe a sphere having a radius of five parsecs (one parsec is about nineteen million million miles), then there is good reason to suppose that about thirty stars will lie within this sphere. This density may be considered to remain fairly uniform up to very great distances, so that one of the most remarkable features of this distribution of matter is its extreme rarity. There is a sense in which the most striking feature of the space containing these hundreds of millions of stars is its emptiness. Although, however, the quantity of matter within a sufficiently large volume of space remains approximately constant up to very large distances from the sun, it is found, as we proceed to yet more remote regions, that the density of star distribution begins to fall off. It is found, further, that the density does not fall off equally along all directions. If we imagine lines radiating in all directions from the sun, then the density falls off more rapidly along certain lines than along others. By mapping out surfaces of equal density we find that the stars appear to be distributed in a lens-shaped system with the sun somewhere near the centre. In the plane containing the greatest diameter of the lens lies the Milky Way, which is generally supposed to lie outside the lens-shaped system of stars that we are discussing. A line at right angles to this plane, and passing approximately through the sun, would be the shortest diameter of the lens. It is not suggested that our stellar system has any such definite configuration as a lens, but that to reach a given density of star distribution much less than that obtaining in the immediate neighbourhood of the sun, we should have to advance much further along a line in the plane containing the Milky Way than along a line at right angles to it. As indicating, very approximately, the dimensions involved, we may say that to reach a density of about one-fifth that near the sun we should have to advance about 300 parsecs along what we have called the shortest diameter, and three times that distance along a line in the plane of the Milky Way, or, in more familiar units, about a thousand light-years one way and three thousand the other. It must be remembered that the great star clouds forming the Milky Way are not included in this statistical survey; it is, we may suppose for the present, a coincidence that the galactic plane, the plane of the Milky Way, should also be the plane of greatest extension of the lens-shaped system to which we peculiarly belong.

This general conception of the shape of our stellar system, while apparently true for the stars as a whole, needs modification if we limit the discussion to particular types of stars; but such modifications, although they suggest interesting special problems, need not be considered

in a first sketch. Within this lens-shaped system it is possible to examine the motions of the stars. It is probable that the investigations are confined chiefly to the inner parts of the system, but, by the application of proper statistical methods, these results may be made fairly representative of a very large number of stars. It might be expected that an examination which embraced some hundreds of thousands of stars would show that they were moving indifferently in all directions. It is a remarkable fact that the result of such an examination is not consistent with this assumption. In addition to their individual motions, the stars behave as if they were moving in two streams in opposite directions along a line in the galactic plane. It is as if the stars existed in two great groups, roughly in the proportion of 3 to 2, and that these two groups were streaming through one another in opposite directions. There is more than one way of representing this peculiarity of the stellar motions, but the two-stream theory is perhaps the easiest to grasp. This double streaming is found, whichever part of the lens-shaped system be examined. The proportion of the stars belonging to the two streams does not seem to depend on distance; one stream is not passing behind the other; they are thoroughly well mixed.

Lying outside this curious lens-shaped system is the Milky Way, a belt of light stretching completely round the lens, and consisting of irregular agglomerations of stars and stellar matter. Vast tracts of nebulosity exist in this region and fade into those mysterious dark patches so prominent on the photographic plate. These dark patches seem to be due to the presence of matter, which cuts off the light of the stars behind, and a study of their distribution leads to interesting speculations regarding the actual shape of the Milky Way. It appears that the apparent distribution of matter in the Milky Way can be explained as due to the foreshortened aspect presented by two spiral arms emerging from opposite sides of the lens-shaped system and curling round it. This structure is not unfamiliar. This description immediately reminds us of those enigmatic bodies called spiral nebulae. They present exactly the appearance here described: they possess a lens-shaped nucleus surrounded by projecting spiral arms. Those which have been photographed are inclined at different angles to us. We see some full face, as it were, and others edge on. A good specimen of the first exists in Canes Venatici; we see the central nucleus and two great spiral arms emerging from opposite sides of the nucleus and winding round it in the same direction. It is clear that matter is either flowing out from the nucleus along the arms or into the nucleus from the arms. In either case we should have currents of matter flowing in opposite directions within the nucleus, and we see at once that, to an observer in the nucleus, the stars would have some such two-stream motion as we have detected in our own lens-shaped system. A splendid edge-on spiral nebula exists in Coma Berenices, and here the spiral arms are foreshortened to a long dark streak passing across the brighter lens-shaped nucleus. The absorption of light where the arms pass across the lens is remarkably clear, and again we are reminded of the light-absorbing matter in our own Milky Way. It is difficult to avoid the hypothesis that the spiral nebulae are separate universes, "island universes" as they have been called, comparable with our own, and existing at distances unimaginably greater than the dimensions of our own lens-shaped system and Milky Way. When we remember that there are about 160,000 nebulae, of which by far the great majority are these spiral nebulae, we reach a new conception of the size of the universe and, perhaps, of man's place in it.

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## SOCIETIES

ZOOLOGICAL.—Oct. 21.—Professor E. W. MacBride, V.P., in the chair.

The Secretary read a report on the additions made to the menagerie during June, July, August, and September.—Mr. Oldfield Thomas exhibited three interesting mammals obtained by Dr. Aders in Zanzibar, namely, an example of *Cephalophus adersi*, a recently described new species; an example of *Colobus kirki*, which until lately was supposed to be almost extinct; and a specimen of a rare Insectivore belonging to the genus *Petrodromus*.—Mr. E. G. Boulenger read a "Report on the Research Experiments on Methods of Rat Destruction carried out at the Society's Gardens," and exhibited some of the traps that had proved most successful.

Dr. A. Smith Woodward opened a "Discussion on the Zoological Position and Affinities of *Tarsius*," and the discussion was continued by Professor F. Wood Jones, Professor J. P. Hill, and Dr. G. Elliot Smith. Contributions by Mr. R. I. Pocock, the Secretary, and the Chairman had to be taken as read.

## FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Nov.  
 Fri. 7. University College, 5.—"Italian Society in the Renaissance," Lecture V., Dr. E. G. Gardner.  
 King's College, 5.30.—"Modern Greek Drama," Lecture VI. (in French), Dr. Lysimachos Economos.  
 University College, 8.—"An Introduction to Modern Philosophical Thinking," Lecture I., Professor G. Dawes Hicks.  
 Mon. 10. Geographical, 5.—"Surveying in Mesopotamia during the War," Lieut.-Col. G. A. Beazeley.  
 Imperial College of Science, 5.30.—"Geology and Mineral Resources of the British Possessions in Africa," Lecture I., Dr. J. D. Falconer. (Swiney Lectures).  
 King's College, 5.30.—"Medieval Catalogues of Books," Dr. M. R. James.  
 King's College, 5.30.—"The History of Learning and Science in Poland," Lecture V., Professor L. Tatarkiewicz.  
 Surveyors' Institution, 8.—President's Address.  
 Tues. 11. University College, 5.30.—"Danish Literature," Lecture II., Mr. J. H. Helweg.  
 Whitechapel Gallery, 7.45.—"What should be done with London Slums," Mr. H. R. Aldridge.  
 Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"A Stone-Axe Factory at Penmaenmawr," Mr. S. Hazzledine Warren.  
 Wed. 12. University College, 3.—"History and Drama in the 'Divina Commedia,'" Lecture IV., Dr. E. G. Gardner.  
 Royal Institute of Public Health (37, Russell Square, W.C.), 4.—"Town-Planning and Public Health," Professor P. Abercrombie.  
 Imperial College of Science, 5.30.—"Geology and Mineral Resources of the British Possessions in Africa," Lecture II., Dr. J. D. Falconer.  
 King's College, 5.30.—"England, Russia, and the Future," Sir Bernard Pares.  
 University College, 5.30.—"Methods of Learning Foreign Languages," Lecture II., Mr. H. E. Palmer.  
 University College, 5.30.—"Norwegian Literature," Lecture II., Mr. I. C. Gröndahl.  
 University College, 6.15.—"Fundamental Principles of Taxation in the Light of Modern Developments," Lecture II., Dr. J. C. Stamp. (Newmarch Lectures).  
 Whitechapel Gallery, 7.45.—"Industry in Greater London," Mr. G. D. H. Cole.  
 Arts League of Service (Conference Hall, Central Buildings, Westminster), 8.45.—"Dancing," Miss Margaret Morris.  
 Thurs. 13. King's College, 5.30.—"The Moral Argument for Personal Immortality," Dean Rashdall.  
 University College, 5.30.—"Selma Lagerlöf," Lecture II., Mr. I. Björkham.  
 Fri. 14. University College, 5.—"Italian Society in the Renaissance," Lecture VI., Dr. E. G. Gardner.  
 Imperial College of Science, 5.30.—"Geology and Mineral Resources of the British Possessions in Africa," Lecture III., Dr. J. D. Falconer.  
 King's College, 5.30.—"Modern Greek Drama," Lecture VII. (in French), Dr. Lysimachos Economos.  
 University College, 8.—"An Introduction to Modern Philosophical Thinking," Lecture II., Professor G. Dawes Hicks.



## Fine Arts

### ORDER AND AUTHORITY

I.

**M.** ANDRE LHOTE is not only a first-rate painter, he is a capable writer as well; so when, some weeks ago, he began to tell us what was wrong with modern art, and how to put it right, naturally we pricked up our ears.\* We were not disappointed. M. Lhote had several good things to say, and he said them clearly; the thing, however, which he said most emphatically of all was that he, André Lhote, besides being a painter and a writer, is a Frenchman. He has a natural taste for order and a superstitious belief in authority. That is why he recommends to the reverent study of the young of all nations, David—David, the Schoolmaster! *Merci*, we have our own Professor Tonks.

Not that I would compare David, who was a first-rate practitioner and something of an artist, with the great Agrippa of the Slade. But from David even we have little or nothing to learn. For one thing, art cannot be taught; for another, if it could be, a dry doctrinaire is not the man to teach it. Very justly, M. Lhote compares the Bouchers and Fragonards of the eighteenth century with the Impressionists: alike they were charming, a little drunk, and disorderly. But when he asserts that it was David who rescued painting from the agreeable frivolity of the former, he must be prepared for contradiction: some people will have it that it was rather his pupil, Ingres. David, they will say, was little better than a politic pedagogue, who, observing that with the Revolution classical virtues and classical costumes had come into fashion, that Brutus, the tyrannicide, and Aristides, called "the just," were the heroes of the hour, suited his manners to his company and gave the public an art worthy of highly self-conscious liberals. The timely discoveries made at Herculaneum and Pompeii, they will argue, stood him in good stead. From these he learnt just how citizens and citizen-soldiers should be drawn; and he drew them: with the result that the next generation of Frenchmen were sighing,

"Qui nous délivrera des Grecs et des Romains?"

Whoever may have rescued European painting from the charming disorder of the age of reason, there can be no question as to who saved it from the riot of impressionism. That was the doing of the Post-Impressionists headed by Cézanne. Forms and colours must be so organized as to compose coherent and self-supporting wholes; that is the central conviction which has inspired the art of the last twenty years. Order: that has been the watchword; but order imposed from within. And order so imposed, order imposed by the artist's inmost sense of what a work of art should be, is something altogether different from the order obtained by submission to a theory of painting. One springs from a personal conviction; the other is enjoined by authority. Modern artists tend to feel strongly the necessity for the former, and, if they be Frenchmen, to believe intellectually in the propriety of the latter.

Look at a picture by Cézanne or by Picasso. What could be more orderly? Cubism is nothing but the extreme manifestation of this passion for order, for the complete organization of forms and colours. The artist has subordinated his predilections and prejudices, his peculiar way of seeing and feeling, his whims, his fancies and his eccentricities, to a dominant sense of design. Yet the picture is personal. In the first place a picture must be an organic whole, but that whole may be made up of anything that happens to possess the artist's mind. Now

look at a picture by Baudry or Poynter, and you will see the last word in painting by precept. The virtuous apprentice has stuck to the rules. He has done all that his teacher bade him do. And he has done nothing else. David ought to be pleased. Pray, M. Lhote, give him top marks.

Post-Impressionism, which reaffirmed the artist's latent sense of order and reawoke a passion to create objects complete in themselves, left the painter in full possession of his individuality. Now, individualism is the breath of every artist's life, and a thing of which no Frenchman, in his heart, can quite approve. So, if an artist happens also to be a Frenchman—and the combination is admirably common—what is he to do? Why, look one way and row the other; which is what M. Lhote does. He paints delightfully personal and impenitent pictures, and preaches artistic Cæsarism and David, "the saviour of society." All the week he is a French artist, traditional as all real artists must be, but never denying, when it comes to practice, that tradition is merely an indispensable means to self-expression; and on Sundays, I dare say, he goes, like Cézanne, to lean on M. le Curé, who leans on Rome, while his *conciergerie* receives the pure gospel of Syndicalism, which, also, is based on absolute truths, immutable, and above criticism.

It is notorious that you may with impunity call a placable Frenchman "butor," "scélérat," "coquin fiéffé," "sale chameau," "député" even, or "sénateur"; but two things you may not do: you may not call him "espèce d'individu" and you may not say "vous n'êtes pas logique." It is as unpardonable to call a Frenchman "illogique" as to shout after the Venetian who has almost capsized your gondola "mal educato." M. Lhote is "logique" all right: but "logical" in France has a peculiar meaning. It means that you accept the consequences of your generalizations without bothering about any little discrepancies that may occur between those consequences and the facts ascertained by experience; it does not mean that your high a priori generalizations are themselves to be tested by the nasty, searching instrument of reason. Thus it comes about that the second master to whom M. Lhote would put this wild and wilful age of ours to school is that mysterious trinity of painters which goes by the name of "Le Nain."

I can quite understand M. Lhote's liking for the brothers Le Nain, because I share it. Their simple, honest vision and frank statement are peculiarly sympathetic to the generation that swears by Cézanne. Here are men of good faith who feel things directly, and say not a word more than they feel. With a little ingenuity and disingenuousness one might make a *douanier* of them. They are scrupulous, sincere, and born painters. But they are not orderly. They are not organizers of form and colour. No: they are not. On the contrary, these good fellows had the most elementary notions of composition. They seem hardly to have guessed that what one sees is but a transitory and incoherent fragment, out of which it is the business of art to draw permanence and unity. They set down what they saw, and it is a bit of good luck if what they saw turns out to have somewhat the air of a whole. Yet M. Lhote, preaching his crusade against disorder, picks out the Le Nain and sets them up as an example. What is the meaning of this?

M. Lhote himself supplies the answer. It is not order so much as authority that he is after; and authority is good wherever found and by whomsoever exercised. "Look," says he, "at Le Nain's peasants. The painter represents them to us in the most ordinary attitude. It is the poetry of everyday duties accepted without revolt. Le Nain's personages are engaged in being independent as little as possible." No Bolshevism here: and what

\* THE ATHENÆUM, August 22, p. 787.

a lesson for us all! Let painters submit themselves lowly and reverently to David, and seventeenth-century peasants to their feudal superiors. Not that I have the least reason for supposing M. Lhote to be in politics an aristocrat: probably, he is a better democrat than I am. It is the *κράτος*, the rule, he cares for. Do as you are told by Louis XIV., or Lenin, or David: only be sure that it is as you are told. M. Lhote, of course, does nothing of the sort. He respects the tradition, he takes tips from Watteau or Ingres or Cézanne, but orders he takes from no man. He is an artist, you see.

In many ways this respect for authority has served French art well. It is the source of that traditionalism, that tradition of high seriousness, craftsmanship, and good taste, which, even in the darkest days of early Victorianism, saved French painting from falling into the pit of stale vulgarity out of which English has hardly yet crawled. French revolutions in painting are fruitful, English barren—let the Pre-Raphaelite movement be my witness. The harvest sown by Turner and Constable was garnered abroad. Revolutions depart from tradition. Yes, but they depart as a tree departs from the earth. They grow out of it; and in England there is no soil. On the other hand, it is French conventionality—for that is what this taste for discipline comes to—which holds down French painting, as a whole, below Italian. There are journeys a Frenchman dare not take because, before he reached their end, he would be confronted by one of those bogeys before which the stoutest French heart quails—"C'est inadmissible," "C'est convenu," "La patrie en danger." One day he may be called upon to break bounds, to renounce the national tradition, deny the pre-eminence of his country, question the sufficiency of Poussin and the perfection of Racine, or conceive it possible that some person or thing should be more noble, reverend, and touching than his mother. On that day the Frenchman will turn back. "C'est inadmissible."

France, the greatest country on earth, is singularly poor in the greatest characters—great ones she has galore. Her standard of civilization, of intellectual and spiritual activity, is higher than that of any other nation; yet an absence of vast, outstanding figures is one of the most obvious facts in her history. Her literature is to English what her painting is to Italian, only more so. Her genius is enterprising without being particularly bold or original, and though it has brought so much to perfection it has discovered comparatively little. Assuredly France is the intellectual capital of the world, since, compared with hers, all other post-Renaissance civilizations have an air distinctly provincial. Yet, face to face with the rest of the world, France is provincial herself. Here is a puzzle; a solution of which, if it is to be attempted at all, must be attempted in another article.

CNIVE BELL.

## THE INVENTION OF WOODCUTS

In the August number of the *New China Review* (Hong Kong, Kelby & Walsh), Mr. Arthur Waley maintains that there is little or no evidence to support the view that the Chinese art of printing from wood-blocks dates from the end of the sixth century A.D. Incidentally, he throws not unprofitable side-lights on the pitfalls which await scholars if they are disposed to accept the dicta of their predecessors without verification. In this case both Professor Douglas and Sir Ernest Satow appear to have accepted the date from Julien, who started the legend in 1850 by mistranslating a passage in the "Ko Chih Ching Yüan." Mr. Waley himself is so far from taking things for granted that he is sceptical of Lu Shên, who wrote in the sixteenth century and is the authority for the passage quoted by Julien. But he accepts the evidence of Liu P'in, who, writing about 880, says: "Once, when I was in Ssuch'uan, I examined in a book-shop a school-book printed from wood-blocks," to show that the art was still a novelty in the ninth century.

## EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

MANSARD GALLERY.—Eleventh Exhibition of the London Group.

CHENIL GALLERY.—Etchings by Augustus E. John.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—Winter Exhibition.

GRAFTON GALLERIES.—The Ridley Art Club.

FINE-ART SOCIETY.—Water-Colours by Cecil A. Hunt, A.R.W.S.

LITTLE ART ROOMS, DUKE STREET, ADELPHI.—Paintings by Mrs. Rhys Thomas. Beadcraft by Mrs. H. Davis Richter.

CONNELL & SONS'.—Water-Colour Drawings by Nora England. BROOK STREET ART GALLERY.—Drawings and Water-Colours by Madame Charles Wiener.

CITY ART GALLERY, MANCHESTER.—Exhibition of Naval Photographs.

THE members of the London Group presuppose an appreciation on the part of the visitor of the main principle which co-ordinates their several forms of expression. This principle is a conscious revolt against traditional sensibility. Convinced that the suave sensibility derived from Greek and Italian art has had an enervating effect on both artists and amateurs, these painters have schooled themselves to a new sensibility accepting the austere beauty of machinery, iron girders, and the plastic possibilities of abstract line, mass and density. They view the world as a series of structures rather than a series of organisms. On the foundation of this new sensibility they are building a new art.

The artists exhibiting have not all completely absorbed the new sensibility. Some, like Mr. Porter and Madame Thérèse Lessore, hark back to the impressionist principles; others, like Mrs. Bell, yield to the temptations of colour decoration. Two promising painters, Mr. B. Coria in "The Window" (52), and Mr. E. M. O'R. Dickey in "Kensington Town" (25), reveal its influence only in the employment of the straight line as the basic element in their designs. Mr. Paul Nash, who has naturally an extremely delicate sensibility responding to more gentle stimulants, stiffens his natural leanings by the new doctrines, and produces a bitter-sweet result which has a charm of its own. Mr. Mark Gertler and Mr. Duncan Grant both appear to be rather perplexed by the conflict of theories, and their exhibits seem to us to fall short of their earlier work. It is doubtful also if Mr. Meninsky has gained much from his attempt to discipline his love of voluptuous landscape. The new principle finds its staunchest exponents in an intellectual artist like Mr. Adeney and a dogmatic artist like Mr. Ethelbert White. The former in "Cottages" (37) translates what the old landscape painter would have called a "picturesque bit" into a rhythmic design without a touch of sentimentality. The latter constructs his landscapes, "The Sloping Fields" (5) and "Quantock Hill" (14), with unrelenting formalism. Altogether the exhibition creates an impression of intelligent and well-directed effort.

In contrast with the London Group Mr. John is a traditional artist. He follows with delight the sinuous line encircling the human form, he studies the play of light and shade on the muscles of a face with objective interest; and he can arrange a classical landscape with figures as well as any of the old masters. Developing along the line of least resistance, Mr. John has evolved a beautiful art at once personal and in line with tradition. The hundred and twenty-five etchings which he is now exhibiting at the Chenil Gallery would hold their own technically in any collection of etchings in the world. They have all, moreover, an emotional quality which rarely degenerates into mere sweetness. And if anyone doubts the sensitiveness and precision of the artist's hand, he has but to examine the baby's head in the plate called "The Little Pilgrims" (19) to realize that by reason of such things alone Mr. John must be counted among the permanent artists.

The well-known names hold their own at the exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. Mr. John Sargent, Mr. Moffat Lindner, Mr. Cayley Robinson, Mr. Francis James and Mr. Cecil Hunt all send characteristic pieces. Mr. Henry Payne's "Rain Cloud" (98) is an attractive note of a fleeting effect, but the exhibits of Mr. Russell Flint make us regret that this skilful water-colourist has so little feeling for style.

The Ridley Art Club numbers several excellent flower-painters among its members. Mrs. Davis's posies in Victorian wooden frames have a distinct decorative value, particularly the example on a blue background, which has something of the quality of Chinese embroidery; and Mr. H. Davis Richter nearly achieves a notable success with his Japanese poppies. A too absorbent canvas seems, however, to have destroyed some of the colour brilliance.

Mr. Cecil A. Hunt is an accomplished water-colour technician who follows in the Turner tradition, and is quite uninfluenced by the conflicting movements of yesterday and to-day. He is humble before nature. He does not use landscape as mere rough material for pictures, but regards it as something sentient and susceptible to moods. In other words, he is a Romantic and delights in the pathetic fallacy.

Those who have a genuine desire to encourage fine craft in England should examine the woven bead-bags, girdles, hairbands, etc., by Mrs. H. Davis Richter, at the Little Art Rooms. The designs are charming and the material durable.  
R. H. W.

#### NEW PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

A FURTHER portion of Manet's "Execution of the Emperor Maximilian" is now on view at the National Gallery. It depicts the firing party seen from the rear, and demonstrates that "painting for painting's sake" can still command our reverence. It would be easy to animadvert on the simplification of tones which is the basis of the method employed, but no technical disquisition could explain the sombre beauty of this picture or the nature of its emotional appeal. It is Manet at his best. The history of this fragment and the adjacent figure of the soldier is curious. The original picture in its complete form was bought by Vollard, the dealer, who, finding it too big to sell, cut it into several pieces. Degas bought two pieces, and our Gallery acquired them at the Degas sale. The remaining portions are apparently lost.

Two more of the Studd Bequest pictures, sketches by Puvis de Chavannes, are now exhibited. Both have a flower-like charm and are quite free from the coldness which characterizes the finished works of this artist.

A fourth addition is the "Mourning over the Dead Christ," by an unknown nineteenth-century French master. The painter has concentrated on the dramatic aspect of the subject, and relied mainly on light and shade to achieve his effects. Mr. Holmes is to be congratulated on his freedom from current prejudices in acquiring this work.

#### NOTES ON ART SALES

On October 20 Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley concluded the sale of the contents of Singleton Abbey. The highest-priced picture (£630) was a landscape with figures and cattle, the artist unknown, 39in. by 52in. £551 5s. was paid for an interior with robbers, by Le Duc, bought at Lord Bute's sale in 1822, a panel, 15in. by 22in. (Vicars); £399 for a portrait of a gentleman wearing a black cap and coat with white collar, by Palma Vecchio, on a panel 29in. by 22in.; £378 for a sick lady and her physician, by F. Mieris, 19in. by 16in., bought at the Phillip's sale in 1822; £367 10s. for a half-length portrait of Piodi Reggio by Annibal Carracci, 37in. by 33in.; and the same price for an early Italian panel, 34in. by 20in., of the Holy Family, artist unknown. A domestic interior with woman cleaning fish at a table, by Metz, a panel 12in. by 9in., was knocked down at £325 10s.; "Le petit Diable," by Greuze, 9in. by 12½in., £273; and a companion to the same, £189. Greenwich, £157 10s.; Woolwich, £262 10s. (both 23in. by 41in.), and the Tower from the Thames, 30in. by 50, £178 10s., were all three by Scott. William Marlow's View of Fish Street from Gracechurch Street, 41in. by 34in., and an engraving of it by T. Morris, went for £126. A panel of St. George and St. Mark, from the monastery of Murale, Florence, 30in. by 26in., by Fra Angelico, fetched £252; and a companion panel of St. Matthew and a Bishop, 30in. by 22in., £231.

M. HENRI MATISSE, the famous French artist, who was recently in London, preparing the Russian Ballet which M. Diaghileff had asked him to design, will shortly return to this country to arrange the exhibition of his pictures which will take place at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square.

## Music

### OPERA AT THE "OLD VIC"

THE opera happened to be "Mignon." It is an opera which one does not often see nowadays.

It used to make an occasional appearance in the repertory of the German opera-houses, but it must be many years since it was seen at Covent Garden. Ambrose Thomas was not a composer of genius, and "Mignon," which came out a few years after "Faust" and a few years before "Carmen," possesses neither the sensuousness of Gounod nor the originality of Bizet. But it has a historical interest as a link in the chain of French opera; it is nearer to Bizet than to Gounod. "Carmen" shows its influence, and so still more do the operas of Massenet. To-day it survives almost entirely in virtue of its Gavotte, and of its two famous songs, "Connais-tu le pays?" and "Je suis Titania." The rest, when one examines it carefully, is cold and lifeless. It is not an easy opera to perform, for, despite its conventionality, its workmanship is intricate and ingenious. It requires clean singing and clean playing, as well as a strong sense of rhythm to carry it over the dull places. Operas of this type long survive in the provincial theatres, because they have in their own day enjoyed European success, and they are often accepted because of the tradition of that success, however clumsy the performance may be. One knows the sort of "Samson and Delilah" that visits the humbler provincial towns—the famous songs dragged out and distorted by incompetent singers, the tangled ensembles, the weary choruses, and the rabble of an orchestra only saved from utter rout by the energetic conductor!

As far as externals are concerned, the management of the "Old Vic" has to contend with much the same difficulties as the provincial touring company. But whereas in the case of the provincial company one starts listening with a sense of anxiety at the outset, and wonders from scene to scene how they will ever get through the opera at all, the "Old Vic" establishes at once a feeling of perfect confidence and security. They have no great singers, they have the shabbiest of scenery, their band consists of less than twenty players; but they do create that atmosphere in which one simply disregards inevitable shortcomings because one is compelled to enjoy the opera from start to finish. That in itself is a great achievement, and it is worth while inquiring how it is attained.

It is obvious that that sense of confidence and security is due in the main to the conductor, Mr. Charles Corri, one of the numerous descendants of Porpora's pupil Domenico Corri, who established himself in Edinburgh in the eighteenth century. His band is small, but they are all really good players. He is not a star conductor who tries to attract the attention of the audience to himself, but he is a firm and judicious accompanist. There are no ragged edges to this little orchestra. There is a piano-forte, but it is very seldom heard, for the score is "faked" with the cleverness of an accomplished musician, so that the pianoforte, instead of dominating the rest and drawing painful attention to their uncertainty, keeps its discreet place in the background, emerging only to play the harp parts with a delicate quality of tone which, if it does not deceive the ear, at least satisfies it. "Mignon," especially as acted in English with spoken dialogue, is full of little scraps of incidental music, fragments of recitative and accompaniments to speech or action. Such things are a severe test of band and conductor, and it is a sure proof of Mr. Corri's musicianship that they made their entries unobtrusively and expressively, exactly fulfilling their dramatic function and never becoming incoherent.

The "Old Vic" has its own audience, and it is an audience that is very rewarding to the performers. Here



the "Old Vic" has an inestimable advantage over the travelling companies. It has established itself long enough to have developed a feeling of pride in the theatre, in the audiences and in the performers. The singers are not paid high fees, but they give their best and know that it will be appreciated. The "Old Vic" has begun to be to some extent a school of operatic training, and it might well develop in this direction on a larger scale—perhaps in connection with Morley College, perhaps in connection with the opera school of the Royal College of Music. The "Old Vic" audience brings a valuable influence to bear on its performers and on its producers and stage manager, because it is unsophisticated and without operatic experience, and therefore insists on having everything made perfectly clear and intelligible. Thus common sense counts for more than tradition, and in most opera-houses common sense is the last motive to prevail with either a producer or a *prima donna*.

There are a good many operas which may be put into the same category as "Mignon." One does not want to see them at Covent Garden, either in their original languages or in English. They do sometimes present themselves to that jewelled audience, and we curse the tribe of star singers for whose benefit so much highly-skilled labour is wasted. Or we hear them given by some third-rate provincial company and say that they are only tolerable when sung by a Patti. At the "Old Vic" we form more reasoned judgments. There is an audience not ripe perhaps for "Tristan" or "Falstaff," but genuinely keen to get the most out of music. It does not go to hear the singers, though in actual fact it may carry away a clearer recollection of some individual singer than of the opera as a whole. It goes to hear an opera, and does not see why an opera should necessarily be nonsense. Miss Baylis and Mr. Corri give it opera in the right spirit. The performances make no pretence of being perfect, but they are as good as the material at hand can provide. Indeed, they are a great deal better than one could ever expect from such material, for the simple reason that real brain-work is at the back of them and a determination to maintain a really high artistic standard. Performed in this spirit, the old-fashioned favourites awake to new life. They had genuine vitality once upon a time, and there are certainly a great many uneducated opera-goers who are fifty or a hundred years behind the times in their powers of appreciation. To help them towards developing a real and progressive love for opera they must have the old operas that they can understand produced in the spirit of their first performances. So a musician like Mr. Corri sees that "Mignon" does not consist exclusively of its two hackneyed songs. It is not enough to have these two songs well sung. The rest must be presented with equal sincerity, or those two songs will seem out of place and miss their effect. At the "Old Vic" the parts of Mignon and Philine were not only well sung, but well acted too, and so was every part in the whole opera.

But the "Old Vic" does not confine its repertory to forgotten favourites. The list includes also some of those operas which the most stately of court theatres do not disdain. And it is good for us who have the opportunity of frequenting such places to cross the river now and then and readjust our critical standards. Magnificence, whether addressed to the eye or to the ear, sometimes becomes monotonous, and in the multitude of detail the essential spirit of the opera is apt to get lost now and then. At the "Old Vic" this does not happen. There is no magnificence, and no exaltation of individuals. The productions are simple, straightforward and intelligent; and such productions are as a matter of fact no bad test of any opera's true merits.

EDWARD J. DENT.

## COVENT GARDEN: "OTHELLO"

ONE is very glad to welcome Sir Thomas Beecham and his company once more at Covent Garden. He does not exactly give us opera for the million: his autumn seasons are in fact a sort of compromise between the purely social amenities of the Grand Opera Syndicate in the summer and such genuine musico-democratic phenomena as the recent season of the Carl Rosa Company at the Lyceum or the performances at the Old Vic. Not until the *Times* ceases to publish a select list of the celebrities to be seen in the boxes, and until the doors of admission are closed at the beginning of each act, and kept closed until the end of that act, will it be possible to envisage Covent Garden purely as a home of the music-drama. But so far as the choice of works for performance goes, the musical side of the thing does completely predominate over the social: the forthcoming list includes so much that is of first-rate interest, and so little that is open to criticism, that it would be sheer captiousness to pick holes in it, and I have not the slightest intention of trying to do so.

"Othello" is obviously a good first-night choice. Critics and public have by now agreed to call it one of the greatest of operas, and without accepting altogether this apparent verdict of history, one can say at the very least that it is an extremely effective melodrama. What struck me most about Monday's performance was the unmistakable tendency of the company to strain away from Boito and back to Shakespeare so far as the music would permit them. As far as Verdi and his librettist were concerned, it is obvious that Iago was the man for their money. They knew that there is nothing an Italian audience approves so cordially as the successful schemer, and that every point scored by Iago would receive vociferous applause, whilst Othello, if not so palpably a semi-comic figure as King Mark in "Tristan," would only receive the second measure of their sympathy. He does his own killing in the end, it is true, whilst King Mark's is done for him, but none the less he is outwitted all along the line. But on Monday Othello was unmistakably the central figure. This was due in the first place to Mr. Frank Mullings, who dominated the rest of the cast. He knows the rôle through and through, and his rare combination of vocal and histrionic powers enables him to invest it with the real tragedy of the Shakespearian conception. This presentment was assisted by a curious and seemingly irrelevant circumstance—the relative statures of Mr. Milner and Mr. Webster Millar. Mr. Milner is tall, Mr. Millar is short, whereas in real life it is usually the nippy little rascal who can twist your great simple-hearted giant round his little finger. If we were confronted suddenly with Mr. Mullings, Mr. Milner, and Mr. Millar, and asked to divine their relationship, we should certainly take Mr. Millar for the twister and the other two for the twistees. A dash of humour would do a great deal for Mr. Milner: Iago's famous *Credo* is surely not so much a portentous confession of faith as a quietly humorous meditation. All the evening he never succeeded in giving off a really poisonous exhalation (as, for instance, the Moor in "Petrovich" does); he was so conscientiously nefarious that one felt it impossible that even Othello should not have seen what he was up to. The demure, non-committal demeanour of Mr. Millar, on the other hand, gave one the suspicion that Cassio had something up his sleeve all the time—a suspicion which the impassioned pleading of Desdemona served to strengthen. Mlle. Brola made Iago's task too easy by reading rather too much into her own part.

The rest of the cast were well up to the mark; the ensembles went with a good swing, and the chorus, did their work well. As for the conductor, the enthusiastic cries of "Tommy" showed that his popularity is not confined to the boxes and the stalls.

R. O. M.

## CONCERTS

SIR EDWARD ELGAR's new Violoncello Concerto, heard for the first time at the L.S.O. Symphony Concert on October 27, proved on the whole a disappointment. Only in the last movement does the real Elgar emerge clearly for any length of time; throughout the rest of the work one seems to be continually waiting for something that is on the verge of coming, but somehow never comes, and the sense of baffled expectation becomes too acute to be altogether dispelled by the eloquent finale. The reason, probably, is that Elgar has been too consciously preoccupied with the eternal problem of the Concerto—that of the balance of forces. From this technical standpoint the work is astonishingly suggestive; the relation of the soloist to the *tutti* has been restated in quite new terms, and with remarkable courage and consistency. The old plan of bringing them alternately into the foreground is abandoned; the soloist is kept playing almost continuously, the task of the orchestra throughout being to provide a background against which the solo instrument shall stand out in the strongest possible relief. Yet, for all this unheard-of predominance, the discourse of the soloist is essentially a meditation. Of the traditional Concerto virtuosity there is no trace. Naturally, for the realization of such an aim, the orchestral accompaniment must be handled with extreme delicacy, and for this reason Sir Edward would have been better advised to trust the first performance of the Concerto to the expert directorship of Mr. Coates, instead of conducting it himself. For the work did not come off: Mr. Salmond, the solo player, seemed too nervous to do himself full justice, whilst the conductor and the orchestra were often at cross-purposes.

The rest of the programme was conducted by Mr. Coates, to whose work pressure of space alone prevents us from paying a proper tribute. Very little to compare with it has been heard in London within recent memory.

MR. STEUART WILSON, who gave a recital of songs with string accompaniment at the Æolian Hall on October 28, has a tenor voice of singularly beautiful and moving quality, and a sound technique to back it up. It is not, however, a very robust voice, and he is inclined to strain it now and again; also he tends to take some of his lighter numbers—things like "Whither runneth my sweetheart?"—at a pace that makes articulation impossible. Otherwise his recital was most enjoyable; he makes you feel he is singing more to amuse himself than to please an audience, whilst his programme was chosen on careful and yet unconventional lines. He was assisted by the Philharmonic Quartet, with Mr. Arthur Bliss at the piano.

MISS DÉSIÉE ELLINGER's song recital at Wigmore Hall on October 29 was something of a disappointment after her altogether delightful performances of Susanna and of the Daughter of Madame Angot. Inequalities of vocal technique may pass unnoticed on the stage, but in the concert-room it is not enough just to seize on the emotional point of a song and exaggerate it. Miss Ellinger succeeded best in such songs as "O del mio dolce ardor" and Mozart's "Dans un bois," in which the emotional element is remote and conventional. Miss Edith Barnett played various pianoforte solos with a powerful tone and considerable dexterity, but with little variety of style or delicacy of appreciation.

THE "Tribute to the Fallen" given by Miss Carrie Tubbs and Miss Lena Ashwell on October 30 was a matter for regret rather than criticism. George Butterworth was the only composer on the programme whose work showed both genius and maturity. Denis Browne, who had genius, was represented only by two very early songs, one of which was needlessly subjected to the indignity of an organ accompaniment. Miss Lena Ashwell's vivid and accomplished elocution was an all too searching test of the quality of the poems chosen for recitation.

MISS WINIFRED MCBRIDE's piano recital on October 30 proved her a sound pianist who is content to give musicianly readings of well-known works without trying to make new points or distort old meanings. In Ravel's "Pavane" she was less successful; the sentiment was just not the kind of sentiment required—it was as though she knew somebody had died, but forgot it was an Infanta. And John Ireland's ragamuffin is a more disreputable urchin than she takes him to be.

MR. GIOVANNI BARLIVOLLI introduced us to a new sonata by Mr. Felix White at his 'cello recital on October 31. Alas! the baptismal name of Felix is a severe handicap to any composer, and it has been too much for Mr. White. Mr. Barlivolli is none the less right and wise to play new work, instead of contenting himself with the old timeworn hacks.

## MUSICAL NOTES FROM PARIS

MASSENET's "Cléopâtre," his last opera, and one which had never been seen in Paris, has been chosen by the directors of the new "Théâtre Lyrique" to inaugurate their new operatic season. This thoroughly bad work had only previously been played in the provinces (it was "created" at Monte Carlo before the war), and the necessity for revealing it to Parisian audiences is not apparent. Not one bar in the score contains a hint of musical inspiration, and the dramatic treatment is of the feeblest throughout. Only the fine singing of Miss Mary Garden and her striking attitudinizing made the thing tolerable as a spectacle, although the rest of the cast (M. Renaud was the Mark Antony) reached as high a level as was possible, considering the music they had to sing. "Cléopâtre" will not, however, remain long in the bill, the system followed being that of a Repertory Company; and we are promised later on some interesting novelties.

M. Serge Borowsky has brought to Paris an extremely talented and able troupe of Russian singers, dancers and Balalaika players who are giving at the Théâtre des Champs Élysées, under the title of the "Isba Russe," a remarkable performance, consisting of a series of "Tableaux" which provide a background for some wonderful choral (unaccompanied) singing of national airs. The music heard is of three kinds: Religious (composers such as Tchaikovsky, Gretchaninoff, Lvoff, Bartniansky); Popular (Liadoff, Borodine, Moussorgsky); and Tzigane.

The choir is really remarkable for its beauty of tone and command of *nuances*; and M. Borowsky himself has a fine and expressive baritone voice which he uses with great effect in soli, besides conducting the choruses. Their stay in Paris is not to be a long one, the company being engaged on a tour of the world.

On the last Sunday in October Mr. Landon Ronald visited Paris in order to conduct at one of the "Concerts Lamoureux," and took the opportunity of introducing to Paris Elgar's First Symphony. All the critics agreed in praising Mr. Ronald's sober and authoritative style (the programme also included Beethoven and Grieg), but the symphony was received (by the critics at least) without enthusiasm. Mr. Lamond, who played a Liszt Concerto, also failed to give universal satisfaction; it is perhaps a pity he did not play Beethoven.

The question of "German music" continues to be a subject for polemics, although the great majority of musicians, especially the younger school, most of whom have fought in the war, are wholly and unreservedly in favour of the speedy readmission of Wagner and the moderns.

The *Monde Musical*, itself an ardent opponent of nationalistic barriers where music is concerned, publishes, in this connection, the following incident: At the first Lamoureux concert of the season a member of the audience interrupted the proceedings with the question, "Quand jouerez-vous du Wagner?" "Bientôt," a répondu M. Camille Chevillard. Et toute la salle d'applaudir. Incidents like this are the best indication of the trend of public opinion. Chauvinism is happily not a disease from which musicians, even in France, are prone to suffer.

AN interesting little collection of Serbian and Macedonian folk-songs, collected by Richard J. C. Chanter, is published by Messrs. Cary & Co. They do not compare very favourably with the folk-songs of Russia or of Hungary, but a certain number are piquant and attractive. The editor has supplied English words which are no worse than most translations of the kind, but his annotations and accompaniments show that he is not much accustomed to dealing with modal melodies. As this set of twelve is marked "Vol. I." (4s. net.) we may hope for the continuance of Mr. Chanter's very useful work.

## Drama

## THE "ROSIFIED" DRAMA

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Summertime. By Louis N. Parker.

THE new play at the Royalty Theatre is all about the magical effects worked by young womanhood, and, lo and behold, Miss Fay Compton has worked just such an effect upon Mr. Louis N. Parker. We are positively back in the era of "Rosemary" and "Sweet Lavender" again. This was a very pleasant era, in which young womanhood did work these effects, by the sheer power of triumphant but never immodest young womanhood; in which, at her mere coming, care and trouble flew out of window, and middle-aged barristers (they were generally barristers) regained their youth. It was the heyday of the "rosified" drama, and John Touchwood, a celebrated figure in a contemporary novel, must have lived in it. Whoever else lived in it, we know that Mr. Louis N. Parker did; and it is with mingled surprise and delight that we find him living his heyday over again. For it is years—how many years?—since Mr. Parker wrote a play just like "Summertime." He has gone on writing plays, we know, and he has gone on rosifying them; but his plays, when they have not been pageants, have been about Drake or Disraeli, and not about that immortal young woman at whose mere coming roses peeped in at all the practicable windows through which care and trouble flew out. Is it permissible, where the process of rosification is concerned, to express a preference for this young woman over Mr. Parker's more historical figures? We may hope that it is; for then it is possible to join Mr. Parker, and Mr. Parker's middle-aged barrister, in a very pleasant sense of regaining our youth. It is even possible to feel, as the generously simulated sunshine floods the familiar scene, that the very title of his new-old comedy is symbolical.

How perfect a piece of reconstruction work Mr. Parker has achieved may be judged if his plot is sketched. There are, at the rise of the curtain, three young men, and one older man, the middle-aged barrister, who have together taken a cottage in Devonshire to recuperate after their war services. (But these, with the honorary ranks attaching, are so much dust in our eyes: the period of the play is *circa* 1896.) To us, rather than to his three juvenile companions, who are insufficiently placated by the question "Have I told you this before?" Mr. Parker's middle aged barrister directs such story as it is necessary we should know. He has, it appears, under the stress of active service (but this is more dust), suffered the addresses of three several young women, all of whom, urged on by their parents, are now after him for breach. Hence the Devonshire seclusion. But the Devonshire seclusion, in spite of such imported luxuries as a housekeeper and butler, three land girls for the garden, and a sluttish maid-of-all-work (local, with colour), is not working well; and here comes in the dramatist's opportunity, and Miss Fay Compton. She comes, in the character of the middle-aged barrister's long-lost cousin from Australia, preceded by trunks, into the bachelor interior; and at once the thaumaturgy begins. It begins with the imported housekeeper, a monster of the Cockney properties (need we say, Miss Mary Brough?); it passes to the imported butler, her husband, to the maid of all-work, to the three young men (roughened, after their supposititious war services), and finally to the middle-aged barrister himself. Needless to specify the changes worked, in the habits and bearing, in the manners and apparel, in the culture and *cuisine*, of this various assembly: all these changes, even to the cottage interior so magically transmogrified for the rise of the third act curtain, will spring to the

imagination of the really well-disciplined playgoer during the era in question. Needless, perhaps, even to carry further Mr. Parker's plot, by which the three harassing young women are found to be identical with the three land-girls already on the premises, a *dénouement* which by one tremendous piece of artistry provides Mr. Parker with four happy, happy pairs. As the sluttish maid-of-all-work, redeemed beyond belief from sluttishness, remarks in the dialect, "'Tis magic!" and it is magic all worked, in every breathless theatrical minute, before our very eyes, by one fair finger of Mr. Parker's (this time) Antipodean fairy.

As we have said, this is thoroughly pleasing work, dating itself, if one or two patriotic and other contemporary allusions are neglected, at Mr. Parker's prime and in the magical restoration of that prime we have allowed for the influence and existence of Miss Fay Compton. What, in pleasure and profit, Mr. Parker's play would be without this young actress, and without Mr. Aubrey Smith as her middle-aged barrister, we will leave to the purely detached student of the drama to determine. As it is, we have them, and all is well. It is sometimes remarked that while good acting may make poor plays worth seeing, poor acting can never make good plays worth seeing; and, so long as an inference is not drawn in favour of poor plays and against good ones, we have no objection to offer to this observation. It is no part of an ideal economy of the stage that talented players should be set to make bricks without straw, but that they can on occasions do so is undeniable, and if they triumph we may enjoy their triumph. That the present is not an occasion on which these remarks are strictly relevant will be obvious, since there is no more fully experienced or justly celebrated provider of dramatic straw than Mr. Louis N. Parker. He has presented Miss Compton and Mr. Smith, with all his accustomed skill, with a pair of parts which they can perform on their heads; and it is very much to their credit that they perform them, not only on their heads, but with their heads as well. Can it have been in self defence against the intelligence of his players that there crept into Mr. Parker's work a very slight tendency to burlesque, or was it an indigenous quality that we thought we detected? However this may have been, to observe Miss Compton, already an actress with a very finished and delightful method, twisting Mr. Smith about her little finger, and to watch all moods from agonized self-pity to grinning appreciation succeeding one another with complete naturalness upon Mr. Smith's expressive countenance, made up a very good evening's entertainment, and we are not going to pretend that we did not enjoy it. If one small piece of advice would be in place to the former, it is that she should remember to appear at least as much interested in the subsidiary persons as is required by the purposes of the fable—even of a "rosified" fable. It is true that, Mr. Parker's drama not much running to spare characterization, we were not much interested in them ourselves. But while it was not our business to appear interested where we were not interested, we conceive it to have been Miss Compton's. The small fault to which we allude is one that may very easily grow upon her, and we should be sorry to see it spoiling the work of a young actress who, we feel sure, has many more difficult triumphs in front of her.

P. P. H.

On Tuesday, November 11, M. Froyez, by arrangement with Mlle. Gina Palerme, will commence his season of French Classical Matinées, to be given at the Duke of York's Theatre every Tuesday and Wednesday. The first play to be presented is Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," which will be produced entire. This performance will be repeated on the 12th, 18th and 19th instant.



## Correspondence

## FRENCH POETS OF TO-DAY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I hope you will allow me to protest against the insignificant and rather misleading notice which you give to Mr. F. S. Flint's "Notes on some Modern French Poets." Your reviewer complains that he was not warned that these books of poetry were published during the war, that too much account is made of second-rate French authors, and that Mr. Flint's essay is "uncritical." His statement is unjust to a man who has done more pioneer work in the criticism of contemporary French poetry than anyone else in this country, and who, by the way, has received little credit for it. What does your reviewer understand by "modern" poetry if not that of the past five years? If he is a little out of date and means the Symbolistes by "modern," then I should like to point out that Mr. Flint reviewed most of the Symboliste authors in a series of articles printed in the *New Age* in 1909; if he means the Unanimistes and poets like Vildrac, Duhamel, Valéry Larbaud, Péguy and the earlier Nouvelle Revue Française group, then he should know that Mr. Flint published an account of these writers (and of a number of others) in the early part of 1912, continuing the work down to 1914 by his quarterly chronicles in *Poetry and Drama*. In continuation of this work he issues the present *Chapbook*. Not all the works noticed in such a review can be masterpieces, and clearly Mr. Flint only mentioned certain authors (like Cocteau, for example) as literary curiosities or as illustrating some general tendency. If your reviewer knows of any better books of French poetry than those mentioned by Mr. Flint, and published in the last two or three years, I shall be most happy if he will tell me of them. And as to the essay being "uncritical"—I should like to ask your reviewer if he has himself read the books noticed by Mr. Flint. If he has, then he is singularly lucky, as I happen to know that it is exceedingly difficult to obtain such works unless (like Mr. Flint) one is in very close touch with the new movements in France. If he has not read them how does he know Mr. Flint's essay is uncritical? Or are authors (foreign and English) only good if he happens to have heard of them first?

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

[Our reviewer writes:—I am unable to perceive the point of Mr. Aldington's letter. He is, in any case presuming a great deal when he suggests that I have not read the poems to which Mr. Flint refers. A charge of that kind is ill-advised, if only because it is impossible to substantiate; and in this case it happens that of the 25 books mentioned in Mr. Flint's bibliography I have read 18.]

Apparently, Mr. Aldington wishes to rebut my opinion that Mr. Flint's book is uncritical. He succeeds in suggesting to me that he himself is not very critical. To say that I am unjust to Mr. Flint begs the whole question; I consider that Mr. Flint's "pioneer work" has also been uncritical. As to his question: What do I understand by modern French poetry? I am only too willing to accept the definition that it is poetry published during the last five years, irrespective of "school," and in that case I submit that for Mr. Flint to omit from his survey all mention of M. Valéry's "La Jeune Parque" is uncritical in the highest degree.

In my opinion the only poems published in France worthy the serious attention of the reader who is not a bibliographer or a social historian are "Europe," by M. Jules Romains, "La Jeune Pasque," and possibly some of M. Claudel's poetry. My opinion may be drastic, but it is based upon a study of modern French poetry which is, I believe, as complete as Mr. Flint's. Mr. Flint does not even mention "La Jeune Parque" or Claudel's "Corona Benignitatis." For this reason, if for no other—and there are sins of commission equally grave—I consider his book uncritical.]

## "LE LATIN MYSTIQUE"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In his letter in THE ATHENÆUM of October 31 Mr. Leonard has, unfortunately, missed the whole point of my remarks on Remy de Gourmont's "Le Latin Mystique." If

he will refer to "Literary Notes" in THE ATHENÆUM of October 10 (p. 1005), he will see that reference was made to the critical character of that book.

I merely pointed out that "Le Latin Mystique" was hardly a critical study, its merits being of another kind. As regards these merits, I am, of course, quite ready to agree with Mr. Leonard, but I cannot agree that he has proved the uselessness of critical study. However, no lover of light reading is compelled even to dip into "Analecta Hymnica."

Yours, etc.,

F. J. E. RABY.

## FIRST NOVELS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The interesting article in your last issue and the correspondence which has appeared elsewhere lead me to make a suggestion to young authors seeking a publisher. It is this: The Authors' Society or a similar body should set apart, say, £3,000 per annum to introduce new authors to the reading public. They could then select 20 books (first novels) and have them published on commission terms with different publishers. All receipts from publishers would then be pooled and the profits divided equally among the authors whose books had been so published. It is possible that such a plan would prove a profitable undertaking for the Society. In any case a guarantee fund could be raised without any great difficulty to cover risks. Possibly twenty fiction publishers would be willing to guarantee the experiment over a period of three years.

Yours,

PUBLISHER.

## MR. POUND AND HIS POETRY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Mr. Pound's letter of last week appears to me quite superfluous. It is perfectly obvious that he must have been indebted to someone, unless he is a Chinese scholar, which nobody supposes; I am perfectly willing to believe that his creditor is the late Mr. Fenollosa; but the gist of my criticism is that Mr. Pound is less indebted to previous translators—Giles and Legge—than subsequent translators are indebted to Mr. Pound.

As for his suspicion that I did not enjoy his Propertius, I did not think the question of public interest: *his non plebecula gaudet*.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

T. S. E.

## SLANG IN WAR-TIME

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I have endeavoured to analyse and classify the many scores of words and phrases described as "War Slang" that have recently appeared in your columns.

The following statistics may interest your readers:

Definitely war slang	...	...	...	100
Definitely pre-war slang	...	...	...	65
Old Army slang (of which 15 are of Indian etymology)	...	...	...	62
American and Colonial	...	...	...	11
Period of origin doubtful	...	...	...	50
Total words and phrases	...	...	...	288

No single word or phrase has been counted more than once, although it may have occurred several times in the correspondence. The above figures do not include mispronounced place-names, certain new chemical terms (which are not slang), and certain expressions, humorous or otherwise, which are obviously local or individual.

I would like to cite "to shanks it," to walk or to march; "jammy," easy or lucky; and "all kiff," meaning all right, "O.K." or "just so."

"Body-snatcher" for stretcher-bearer, given by Mr. R. W. King in your August 8 issue, is of ancient origin, and once meant a person who removed corpses from graves in order to sell them for dissecting. In some localities it means policeman or bailiff.

The verb "to dump," mentioned by R. O. K. (August 15), comes from the Middle English word *dumpen*, to throw down, and is quite possibly war slang, but of the thirteenth century.

Yours, etc.,

Audruicq, France.

ERIC VERNEY.

## Foreign Literature

### THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY METHOD

A LA RECHERCHE DES TEMPS PERDUS.—Tome II. A L'OMBRE  
DES JEUNES FILLES EN FLEURS. Par Marcel Proust. (Paris,  
Nouvelle Revue Française. 7 fr. 50)

**W**HEN we say of M. Proust's work that it is "eighteenth-century" in quality, we mean more than that it possesses (though it does in effect possess it) that porcelain exquisiteness, that absurd, beautiful formality, with which we are inclined, fallaciously perhaps, to endow this most civilized period of history. The eighteenth century of pretty formalism is mostly a thing of our own invention; for the past, as it exists in our mind, is largely a pleasing myth, created and re-created by each succeeding generation for its own peculiar necessities of propaganda or delectation. The Romantics saw the eighteenth century as an age of moral and intellectual depravity. We picture it very differently: to some of us it is the precious and fantastic embodiment of "Fêtes Galantes" or of Mallarmé's elaborately futile "Princesse à jalouser le destin d'une Hébée"; to others, in search of a stick with which to beat mysticism, rant, sentimentality and moral earnestness, it presents itself as the age of supreme enlightenment and entire reasonableness. There is probably an element of truth in all these views, including that of the Romantics. But we are not concerned at the moment with the myth of the past in general, but only with the question of what we mean when we say that "Du Côté de chez Swann" and "A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs" are "eighteenth-century" in quality.

M. Proust, then, is "eighteenth-century" in both senses of the epithet as we apply it to-day. His comedy of manners deals, very elaborately, with the charming futilities of social or even "society" life. Mr. Wells has likened Henry James to a hippopotamus pursuing a pea round a room; at that rate M. Proust will be a diplodocus; for in these first two volumes of "A la Recherche des Temps Perdus" he has already filled twelve hundred pages of solidly set small type, unrelieved, as Alice would have complained, by pictures or conversations; and there are still three more volumes to follow before the lost times are finally "retrouvés": a diplodocus, then, in weight of matter, as well as in weight of intelligence, pursuing the minute pea of social life in the Faubourg Saint-Germain and its upper-bourgeois and half-worldly fringes.

But this exquisite frivolity of theme—and what a pleasure it is in these days of artistic grimness to find such a theme being seriously treated by a serious artist!—is not the only "eighteenth-century" quality of M. Proust's work. He is "eighteenth-century" in that other sense as well—enlightened and very intellectual in all his ways. If we examine his methods we shall find that they are the eighteenth century methods, much developed and elaborated, but fundamentally the same.

In the second volume of his history of the French novel Mr. Saintsbury let fall the remark that "psychological realism is perhaps a more different thing from psychological reality than our clever ones for two generations have been willing to admit, or, perhaps, able to understand." Psychological reality, as opposed to psychological realism, was what the eighteenth-century delineators of character aimed at. There is something extraordinarily satisfying and convincing about a good piece of their analysis. One thinks with admiration of the firmness of outline, the bare precision of Alfieri's self-portrait, or of Benjamin Constant's Adolphe, so subtle and yet so simply and economically drawn. They produced their effects by a process of

abstraction from the multifarious and generally rather confused facts of psychology. The "clever ones of the last two generations" have occupied themselves for the most part in exactly recording these muddled facts as they are actually observable. To them this psychological realism has seemed nearer the truth than the earlier abstractions and distillations of the real brute facts. But, as Mr. Saintsbury suggests, it may be that artistic truth and convincingness of character are arrived at more certainly by the other method. The invention and development of the modern science of psychology has made us regard as important and interesting a multitude of small odds and ends of thought, emotion and sensation which seemed to our ancestors almost negligible. They did not insist on the phenomena because they were interested primarily in what they regarded as the reality behind them. They did not record little facts about their heroes' sensations or fleeting velleities of thought; they rationalized and generalized the chaotic complex of psychological life into the unity of a character. It is quite conceivable that Mr. James Joyce should some day write a book on the same theme as "Adolphe." He would present us, in place of Constant's clearly outlined hero, with a many-coloured medley of sensations, memories, desires, thoughts and feelings, leaving to our imagination the task of boiling them down into a consistent character. "Adolphe" or "Ulysses"—which is true? Both, we imagine, or neither, if you like. Each, in any case, represents a way of looking at the human soul, a different facet of reality.

M. Proust belongs in his methods to the older school. He does not give us psychology in its crude, undigested state. He rationalizes and distils and peptonizes his data, serving up finally, for the consumption of his readers, a finished product of exquisite clarity. M. Proust carries the process of digestion to the point of making generalizations about life and character in that grand manner, so authoritative and didactic, of which we are all so much afraid now. Here is a specimen of his aphorisms, called forth apropos of the character of the literary diplomatist, Monsieur de Norpois:

Ma mère s'émerveillait qu'il fut si exact quoique si affairé, si aimable quoique si répandu, sans songer que les "quoique" sont toujours des "parce que" méconnus, et que (de même que les vieillards sont étonnants pour leur âge, les rois pleins de simplicité et les provinciaux au courant de tout) c'était les mêmes habitudes qui permettaient à M. de Norpois de satisfaire à tant d'occupations et d'être si ordonné dans ses réponses, de plaire dans le monde et d'être aimable avec nous.

This is admirable, and it would be possible to find things like it, generalizations tinged with M. Proust's curious wit and wisdom, on almost every page of the book.

To read M. Proust as he deserves requires an almost unlimited amount of time—a great deal more than most of us, alas! can spare. For he goes slowly, very slowly, and he grinds exceeding small. In the first volume, "Du Côté de chez Swann," we were introduced to the hero in childhood, surrounded by his family; then, in the course of an astonishingly brilliant and witty study of social life, we were told how it came about that Swann—Swann of the Jockey Club and so successful a figure in the highest society—came to marry Odette, the would-be intellectual demi-mondaine. Now, in the second volume, the hero has grown to adolescence; his boyish passion for Swann's young daughter grows and perishes, and in the latter part of the book it is dissipated among a whole troop of "jeunes filles en fleurs," met or merely glimpsed at, by the seaside. Nothing happens in any conventional, novelistic sense of the word; a great many characters pass across the stage; we are taken for drives in the country and bathes in the sea. That is all, but we read on absorbed, fascinated by M. Proust's clear, intellectual handling of his material, by the acuteness and thoroughness of his analysis, by his wit, and above all by his appreciation of beauty and his power

of expressing it in a style somewhat precious perhaps, but genuinely original and beautiful.

M. Proust is one of the most interesting phenomena in contemporary literature, if only because he is so certain of himself, so secure in his brilliant development and elaboration of a grand traditional manner. We look forward with pleasant anticipation to the appearance of "Le Côté de Guermantes," the two parts of "Sodome et Gomorrhe," and the final "Le Temps Retrouvé" which will complete this massive work. We shall buy them all, and though we may not, perhaps, have time to read them at the time of their appearance, we shall keep them against a calm and leisured old age, when, some time between seventy and eighty, we propose to sit down in the warm sun or beside a comfortable fire and spend a whole happy year "A la Recherche des Temps Perdus." A. L. H.

## LETTERS FROM ITALY

V. ADA NEGRI.

ADA NEGRI has just published a book of verse, "Il Libro di Mara" (Milan, Treves), which is a kind of diary of a woman who has lost her lover, and in an outburst of sensual despair gives vent to her agony at finding herself alone while still palpitating with the delirious joy of yesterday.

Like everything that comes from her pen, the book has been received among us with interest, but not without misgivings on the part of some of our most clear-sighted critics. Opinions differ. Some writers (for instance, Pancrazi in *Il Resto del Carlino*) see in it a not altogether successful attempt to clothe in artistic form a passionate, violent and varying content; others, like Cosmo in *La Stampa*, regard it as a poem complete in every way, and in its divine nakedness worthy to rank with that of Sappho. This division of critical opinion is not to be wondered at, because it merely reflects on a small scale the greater division that has long existed in their estimate of Ada Negri between Italian critics, generally unfavourable, or at least doubtful, and foreign, more especially German critics (one remembers the chapter which Vossler devotes to her in his "History of Contemporary Italian Literature"), who have considerable sympathy with this highly emotional, often rather formless kind of art. The result is that, contrary to custom, Ada Negri gained an international more quickly than an Italian reputation. And even after reading her last book, which shows a notable advance on its predecessors, we doubt whether she has attained to that sure artistic conscience which she has now for some time been making steady efforts to acquire.

When Croce published his essay on Ada Negri in *La Critica* her work still consisted of the three volumes of verse, "Fatalità," "Tempeste" and "Maternità." The last volume alone contains signs of the inward struggle of a soul battling with itself, dissatisfied with the easy manifestations of a life contemplated from without. The earlier volumes dwelt too readily on the contrasts of social life, presenting the appearance of an artistic enthusiasm that was at best an eager sentimental acceptance of the Socialist doctrines that were then becoming fashionable. The young Socialist schoolmistress could then flatter herself with the idea that she was lashing the bourgeoisie and the capitalists with her art, and raising the proletariat to a new dignity. As a matter of fact, from the artistic point of view she was merely lashing or caressing her own abstractions. But already her critical sense, alert and troubled, was warning her of the vulgarity of attitudes which she had vainly meant to be daring, and of the slovenliness of forms which were intended to be honest attempts to reproduce the people directly.

She deserves credit for abandoning the way that led to an easy triumph at the moment when the wide circulation of her early works seemed to bring it within her grasp. Before it was too late she set about following the difficult maxim of St. Augustine: "Noli foras ire; in interiore homine habitat veritas." And she began to look within herself in order to achieve that artistic directness which was being destroyed by the reflective and intellectual mannerism of her Socialism.

Doubtless she soon discovered that the new way was far more difficult. In the great shifting sea of subjectivity she missed the comfortable support of a content already existing, of antitheses ready to hand to versify. The inward life is something created by the very act of introspection, not a well into which you can see more clearly the further you crane your neck and the deeper you strain your eyes. Ada Negri still retained some of the habits acquired during her journey through the external world. She wished to contemplate herself, to be nothing more than a spectator of herself. Even the best of her work leaves the impression of this spasmodic effort to see what is not there. Like most of our contemporary writers, her inner life is somewhat poor. She has merely a sensibility almost morbidly developed, which troubles her from never being satisfied, and at the same time gives the idea that there are still unplumbed depths to be discovered in her mind. Take this poem from "Dal Profondo":

Chi ora io sono, è cosa vana il dire;  
fragile donna, che se stessa ascolta  
vivere, con un' ansia avida e stolta  
di saper ciò ch' è in fondo al suo soffrire.

Here for once the writer's art bounds forward from a genuine consciousness of herself. But the foolish, eager anxiousness that finds its true place in these verses becomes elsewhere, and throughout the greater part of her work, an idle searching, a useless seeking for what lies beneath her own senses, which is nothing at all. She is D'Annunzian in temperament, even more than in her literary imitations. The ego of her poems is like the D'Annunzian superman. It goes through endless tortions to discover something that does not exist, runs over the same scale of the sensibilities in the hope of thus plumbing the lowest depths of discontent and dissatisfaction. But the D'Annunzian superman has at least something to do. His ambition is to be King of Rome, an explorer, the conqueror of the sea or the air, whereas his twin in Ada Negri is unfortunately a superwoman, and as such has nothing whatever to do. Hence her sufferings are even greater; she torments herself the more and is left still more dissatisfied.

As will easily be imagined, Ada Negri's art, continually irritated by an undefined, and indeed indefinable brooding trouble, by a self-torture for which there is no reason, by a hunger unable to satisfy itself, is involved and distressed, and lacks the clarity of a complete vision; always broken and fragmentary from want of a starting-point or a resting-place. It is rare for the torment that rises in the senses to find repose in the senses without being complicated by intricate intellectual developments. This is why the poems that aim at the greatest psychological depth are the ugliest, while art finds its words spontaneously when the writer, weary of working idly upon herself, abandons herself to the consciousness of the vanity of her own work. Read "xxxi. Dicembre" in "Esilio" (1914), where she addresses her soul thus:

Più non si specchia innanzi a te il domani.  
Nulla aspetti nè chiedi. La speranza  
sparve col sogno. Il tempo che t'avanza  
Sarà come la sabbia fra le mani.

The verses are beautiful, but the slender theme, though



appearing to expand, sinks to nothing in the final outburst of the poem:

Vegli fra due voragini in oblio.  
 . . . Vuoto di solitudini senz' orme,  
 rombar sordo di fiume, alito enorme  
 di venti, ombre di nubi. . . Ascolta. . . E Dio

"Il Libro di Mara," Ada Negri's last work, shows a distinct sign of progress in that its sentimental content is more definite and concrete, with the result that the artist is not working upon empty space and has lost the strained tension that troubles the reader. Here we have the story of a real and genuine sorrow, that of a woman who has lost her lover and rebels against her fate—a sorrow that embitters her whole being with a memory which has all the distinctness of an actual reality. The suffering exists substantially in the flesh. For her, as for D'Annunzio, the divine in passion cannot approach except in animal form. She says:

Rammenta il corpo del tuo amante dritto come un cipresso  
 . . . e la sua ferrea stretta che ti spezzava in due  
 Rammenta com' egli seppe da te stessa crearti più bella e più  
 giovane  
 e dal cuore profondo strapparti il sol grido di donna sincero in  
 tua vita.

The image is fine in its rough realism, but later it becomes forced and revoltingly crude as memory makes her more exact, and she relates, for instance, "che un suo morso ti asperse nel labbro una piccola piaga" and "il tuo amore irava in un fiotto di sangue che ti sprizzò fino agli occhi."

In form the diary follows the violent impressionism of her sensibility. She abandons metre and rhyme for a kind of rhythmic prose closely allied to that of the futurists and the impressionists, French and Italian. The choice of this new and freer medium diminishes, if it does not altogether remove, the slovenliness of form and metre which we Italians always blamed in Ada Negri, but which easily escaped the notice of foreign critics. Here she is certainly more at her ease, though the sobs and starts with which she divides her sentences are nearly always irritating.

It is usual to admire "the truth to life of Ada Negri's poems," while questioning their artistic truth. The distinction does not satisfy me. I find the same spiritual falseness, the same psychological mannerism, in her as in all post-D'Annunzian artists. In her there is the same overwrought sensibility that counterfeits every kind of feeling and affection; the love that becomes a contortion of the flesh; the same "panic" feeling (from *pan*, meaning complete, cosmic) that becomes not the spiritual elevation of the universe, but its degradation to the animal species; the mysticism that ends in being the most refined counterfeit of the senses. "Il Libro di Mara" describes the whole parabola of this transformation. The pain of the wounded animal that finds expression in the early pages is gradually succeeded by a "panic" calm. The torment is soothed by clinging to the earth with the body: "Prona io mi distesi allargando le braccia—tutta aderendo con il corpo alla terra"; and in this attitude the sufferer feels that "thou hadst become the earth, and thy veins were diffused among all its fresh germinations." Thus the calm posing as an exaltation sinks down to a more abject animalism. The so-called final purification, the elevation of the sorrow into an ascetic mysticism, whereby the lovers mingle beyond the earth and their passionate past: Non io tua, non tu mio: dello spazio; radendo la terra con ali invisibili

sempre più lievi dell' aria, sempre più immensi nel cielo, seems to me an utter degradation of this art, which thus abandons the one content that justified its existence. No, better the hysterical convulsions of the tortured flesh, through which runs an occasional lyric flash, than this so-called purification that leaves us nothing at all.

GUIDO DE RUGGIERO.

# List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

## 100 PHILOSOPHY.

Gallichan (Walter M.). LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ON LOVE AND HEALTH. Werner Laurie [1919]. 7½ in. 125 pp., 46 n. 176

There is much common sense in these letters purporting to have been written to a young man during the period between his sixteenth year and his approaching marriage. Pointing out that chastity is "one of the supreme moralities," the author reminds his readers that with unfortunate results the word "immorality" has been narrowed almost to one interpretation, and that hosts of men are esteemed "moral" because they are not known to have infringed the code of sexual virtue, though they may be untruthful, cruel, tyrannical, grasping, or grossly selfish. Mr. Gallichan reprobates the ascetic celibate attitude, and is an advocate of early marriages and restricted families. But, he says, when two persons "cease to love and respect one another the whole meaning of marriage disappears, and the association is a travesty of 'holy matrimony.' Any compulsion by law or custom enforcing an estranged couple to live together cannot be called 'moral.' Such coercion," continues the author, "is contrary to natural law and to sane ethics. A loveless marriage is a monstrous affront to nature and to morality, and a great source of evil in the country."

## 200 RELIGION.

Booth (Evangeline) and Hill (Grace Livingston). THE WAR ROMANCE OF THE SALVATION ARMY. Lippincott [1919]. 8 in. 356 pp. il. pors. app., 6/ n. 267.15

In the early days of the Salvation Army there was much criticism of its methods—criticism which was largely based upon prejudice and lack of information. But the Salvationists' success in dealing with human derelicts and outcasts became manifest, and the critics were disarmed. The outbreak of the war gave the Salvation Army an opportunity, of which it was not slow to take advantage, of extending its work in an entirely new direction. The principle upon which the operations of the Salvation Army in the war area have been conducted is "complete abandonment to the service of the man." So far as we can judge from the authors' record and from the numerous authoritative appreciations of the war-time efforts of the Salvation Army printed in the book, the aims of the devoted workers have been amply achieved.

Denison (Henry Phipps). THE BLESSED SACRAMENT: FAITH AND WORKS. Robert Scott, 1919. 8 in. 92 pp., 2/6 n. 265

In this plea for Exposition and Benediction in the Church of England, the author is severe on the Zwinglian view of the Sacrament of Holy Communion. He writes of it as "horrible impiety," and refers to the Zwinglian's "carnal mind." The "horrible coarseness of the Zwinglian denial," exclaims the Prebendary, has lost caste "even among Protestants." The "modern average Englishman, as represented by official Church of Englandism," he goes on to declare, is "too good a man to join in the brutal coarseness of Zwingle." Prebendary Denison deprecates the use of the word "Presence," in regard to the Sacrament, as leading to misunderstanding. The word, he urges, is "wholly unsacramental."

**Jones (Spencer).** THE COUNTER-REFORMATION IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND: a reply to a pamphlet by the Lord Bishop of Manchester, entitled "Proposed Changes in the Holy Communion Service." Skefington [1919]. 7½ in. 133 pp. index, 2/6 n. 283

The author's reply to the Bishop is in the main an endeavour to show that the Reformation movement in this country turned, not on a religious persuasion, but on a person (King Henry VIII.) under the dominion of a passion; that there was no religion in the first and critical moments of the severance from the Church of Rome; and that the Oxford Movement was the beginning of a "counter-reformation."

**Simpson (William John Sparrow).** BROAD CHURCH THEOLOGY ("Handbooks of Catholic Faith and Practice"). Robert Scott, 1919. 8 in. 145 pp. index, 3/6 n. 283

The author's object is not to criticize, but to explain the principles and propositions of individual exponents of the Broad Church School, whose opinions are stated in their own words, so far as space allows. The limitations of human knowledge in relation to Deity, the personality of God, the Trinitarian conception and substitutes for it, the problem of the pre-existence of Christ, and kindred themes, are dealt with in the volume.

### 300 SOCIOLOGY.

**De Callières (François).** THE PRACTICE OF DIPLOMACY: being an English rendering of François de Callières's "De la manière de négocier avec les souverains." Presented with an introduction by A. F. Whyte. Constable, 1919. 9 in. 170 pp. boards, 8/6 net. 327

Mr. Whyte prefaces this excellent version of De Callières's treatise (1716) with a convincing plea for the reform of our own diplomatic methods.

**Housman (Laurence).** PLOUGHSHARE AND PRUNING HOOK: ten lectures on social subjects. Swarthmore Press, 72, Oxford Street, W.1 [1919]. 7½ in. 260 pp. boards, 6/ n. 304

The author pleads for a recognition of the fact that a self-accusatory attitude is necessary in our treatment of political and social problems. There is no institution in our midst, says Mr. Housman, which does not stand as much in need of conversion, or change of heart, as do the individuals for whose benefit or disciplinary treatment it is run. "Our schools, prisons, law courts, State institutions, ministries, diplomacies . . . are just as liable, perhaps more liable, to hardness of heart and contempt of God's word and commandments as we ourselves, for they are all part of us." Mr. Housman's papers deal with "Crime and Punishment," "The Rights of Majorities," "Use and Ornament," "What is Woman?" and other themes.

**Inge (William Ralph).** OUTSPOKEN ESSAYS. Longmans, 1919. 8 in. 285 pp., 6/ n. 304

Dean Inge collects these articles from the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, and the *Hibbert Journal*, and has merely excised a few repetitions before reprinting. "Our present discontents," in his view, arise chiefly from the disintegrating policy of "that form of individualistic materialism which calls itself social democracy." The war "was, in a sense, a war of capital; but capitalism is no accretion upon the body politic, it is the creator of the modern world and an essential part of a living organism." The Germans merely applied the capitalistic doctrines in a crude and ruthless fashion—"their aims and methods were very like those of the Standard Oil Trust on a still larger scale." In this preliminary essay we see Dr. Inge's point of view and recognize whom he regards as the real enemy. He writes as powerfully and learnedly almost as Swift. Epigrams flash from the page: "The excesses of revolutionists are not an argument against democracy, since revolutions are anything rather than democratic." He is also as skilful and as unfair a controversialist as Swift. In "The Future of the English Race" he handles the results of modern ethnological research with easy mastery, and it is only the most careful of readers who will observe what a hiatus lies between the well-marshalled facts and the conclusions that insidiously follow. "Patriotism," "The Birth-Rate," "Roman Catholic Modernism," and "Survival and Immortality" are among the striking essays included.

**\*Mumford (Alfred A.).** THE MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 1515-1915: a regional study of the advancement of learning in Manchester since the Reformation. Longmans, 1919. 9 in. 574 pp. pors. il. apps. index, 21/ n. 373.42

Of interest first and foremost to Mancunians, this portly volume, as the title indicates, is a history of education and the political, social, and religious forces that affected education, especially in one part of the kingdom, throughout a long era. Dr. Mumford's treatise shows industrious study of documents and will no doubt become an authority not only to students of Manchester and educational history, but to thinkers and organizers for the future.

### 400 PHILOLOGY.

**Geta (Hosidius).** HOSIDIUS GETA'S TRAGEDY "MEDEA": a Vergilian Cento. With metrical translation by J. J. Mooney. Birmingham, Cornish, 1919. 7½ in. 96 pp., 4/6 n. 479

See review, p. 1154.

### 800 LITERATURE.

**Art and Letters.** Autumn, 1919. Vol. 2, no. 4. 64 pp., il., 2/6 n. 804

This remarkably good number puts beyond question the fact that this little quarterly fills a necessary corner in our periodical literature. Unlike other magazines of the kind, it contains better prose than verse, indisputably a sign of vigour. Miss Katherine Mansfield's short story has a solidity shaped by the precise outline so rare in modern fiction. It is a little masterpiece in its genre. The same delightful sense of precision is given by Mr. T. S. Eliot's notes on Marlowe's blank verse. As notes they could have borne a little more working up; but their substance is as hard and satisfactory as a gem. There is a touch of this quality throughout the number, though in some of the other contributions it proves on trial, we think, to be more apparent than real. Miss Edith Sitwell has yet to learn that astringent epithets are not enough. To say things are "shrill," "sharp" and "shrieking" is a tempting short cut to definition; but it is not a safe one, for it runs through a confusion between means and end. Mr. Ivor Richards's notes on *Æsthetic* show that he is under the illusion that certain theories of æsthetic are current in criticism. We do not believe that this is the case. He would have been better advised to put forward what he considers "the true" æsthetic than to spend his well-disciplined energy on a massacre of the innocents. The drawings by Wyndham Lewis and Modigliani are very interesting.

**Gwynn (Stephen).** IRISH BOOKS AND IRISH PEOPLE. Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin) [1919]. 7½ in. 120 pp., 5/ n. 820.4

Dating from 1897 to 1913, with a 1918 postscript on "Yesterday in Ireland," these essays, Mr. Gwynn explains, are "perhaps significantly" out of date. But literary criticism ought not to be disabled by political changes or such decisions as that of the Gaelic League to make the learning of Irish compulsory, which led him to withdraw from that body. His essays on novels of Irish life, Irish humour, and literature among the illiterates, are good light articles of the magazine order. In "The Life of a Song" he presents a very interesting study of how traditional poetry is recovered from peasant memories. Mr. Gwynn makes a good point in his criticism of the linguistic policy of the League: "Yeats and Synge have showed how completely it is possible to be Irish while using the Irish language."

**The London Mercury**, no. 1. Field Press, 1919. 2/6 n. 804

The first (November) number of the new literary monthly, *The London Mercury*, is beautifully printed and produced. It contains a representative selection of what may be distinctively called "Georgian" poetry, besides two admirable stanzas by Thomas Hardy. The unpublished poem by Rupert Brooke is interesting mainly as an example of not quite successful flippancy. There are three excellent essays by Mr. Gosse, Mr. Squire and Mr. Lynd, of which to our sense Mr. Gosse's estimate of George Eliot is the best. For sanity, balance, and "lay-out" it is an exemplary piece of work, though we confess that we hardly understand what Mr. Gosse

means when he speaks of the "singing quality" of lasting narrative prose. Does Swift's prose sing? Or Defoe's or Fielding's or Jane Austen's? Mr. Squire handles a congenial theme with great skill and suggestiveness in "The Future Poet and Our Time." Mr. Robert Nichols's long story, "The Smile of the Sphinx," is to us, no doubt aptly, incomprehensible. There may be subtleties behind it; but it seems to us merely second-rate, and to be an unfortunate drop from the high general level of the prose.

The reviews are, we think, the weakest part of the magazine. They are decidedly inferior in quality to the average work of the literary weeklies, and cannot be compared with the best; we can see no point in publishing monthly little book-list paragraphs. A literary monthly has time to select the really good things and to review them adequately. There are one or two unfortunate misprints in M. Thibaudet's Paris letter, one of which is the work of mispent genius: "The great success enjoyed by two complex and delicate writers, M. Marcel Prevost and M. Jean Girardoux." How will M. Thibaudet explain to M. Proust?

### POETRY.

**Elton (Godfrey).** SCHOOLBOYS AND EXILES. Allen & Unwin, 1919. 7½ in. 75 pp. paper, 3/6 n. 821.9

If "The Shropshire Lad" had never been written, we should perhaps be able to feel more interest in Mr. Elton's "rare, small wreath of rhyme." His verses are very pleasantly melodious and very accomplished, but we are constantly troubled by the sensation that we have heard this sort of thing before. Once or twice in the first or "schoolboy" portion of the book he succeeds in giving adequate expression to the thoughts and feelings of adolescence. And here his tight, smooth "Shropshire Lad" technique is an advantage to him; for by forcing the loose *Schwärmerei* of boyish emotion into this epigrammatic form he gets outside and beyond it, and can deal with his subject in the detached way so necessary, if sentimentality is to be avoided, in writing of adolescence. What a flux of nostalgia might have been poured forth in the description of the very common emotion so neatly and concisely diagnosed by Mr. Elton in these four lines!—

And there I guessed what ailed me,  
There in the heather bloom,  
I was in love with someone,  
I did not know with whom.

One sees that the old forms still have their advantages.

**Gibson (Wilfrid Wilson).** TWENTY-THREE SELECTED POEMS ("The Westminster Classics," 2). "Athenæum" Literature Dept. [1919]. 6½ in. 48 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 821.9  
The two-page introduction shows Mr. Gibson as a very modern and more poetical Crabbe. Well-chosen poems are given from "Battle," "Thoroughfares," "Friends," "Whin," "Livelihood," "Daily Bread," and "Borderlands."

**Miles (Susan).** DUNCH ("Adventurers All" Series, 18.) Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 7½ in. 72 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 821.9

A second edition of Mrs. Miles's amusing chronicles in free verse of the village of Dunch.

### 822.33 SHAKESPEARE.

**Sykes (H. Dugdale).** SIDELIGHTS ON SHAKESPEARE: being studies of The Two Noble Kinsmen. Henry VIII. Arden of Feversham. A Yorkshire Tragedy. The Troublesome Reign of King John. King Lear. Pericles Prince of Tyre. Stratford-upon-Avon. Shakespeare Head Press, 1919. 8 in. 221 pp. index, 7/6 n. 822.33  
See review in last week's ATHENÆUM, p. 1118

### FICTION.

**Ayscough (John).** ABBOTSCOURT. Chatto & Windus, 1919. 7½ in. 313 pp., 7/ n.

All the baronets of Abbotspark had been poor creatures. The penultimate holder of the title lacks energy, means, and love for most of his kind. His rich cousin, vicar of Abbotscourt and later Dean of Rentminster, is of a totally different character. He shelters Sir Anthony Abbot's Roman Catholic daughter Eleanor after her father's death. Her brother, the new baronet, wishes her to marry Simon Scoper, a horsedealer, but eventually she becomes the wife of her cousin Ludovic. The story is a vivid picture, drawn

with the author's customary skill, of provincial social life in ecclesiastical circles, and interest is well maintained.

**Bairnsfather (Bruce).** FROM MUD TO MUFTI: WITH OLD BILL ON ALL FRONTS. Grant Richards, 1919. 7½ in. 294 pp. il., 6/ n.

A sequel to the author's "Bullets and Billets," consisting of a succession of amusing sketches of military life, plentifully illustrated by drawings of the kind for which Captain Bairnsfather is so well known.

**Cumberland (Gerald).** TALES OF A CRUEL COUNTRY. Grant Richards, 1919. 7½ in. 336 pp., 7/ n.

Modern Greece is the background of most of these short stories and sketches. The themes are passionate love, jealousy, hatred, and crime; and some of the tales show power. Among the grimmest are "The Baths Murder" and "The Two Lovers."

**Dudeney (Mrs. Henry).** SPADE WORK. Hurst & Blackett [1919]. 7½ in. 320 pp., 6/9 n.

With a musician-hero named Enoch Brown (a Fabian), and a setting first in Westminster and later in Sussex, Mrs. Dudeney's latest story centres in the clash between the social aspirations of Caroline Paybody-Beech and her mother (who have unexpectedly inherited wealth), and the ideals of the poor composer. The love affair between Caroline and Enoch is ruined by the latter's meeting a beautiful singer. The two artists marry.

**Fulton (Mary).** THE PLOUGH. Duckworth [1919]. 7½ in. 302 pp., 7/ n

Patricia Querin, the only child of a newly made baronet and his nonentity of a wife, is beloved by Lord Errol Rivers, but her preference is for Keith Campbell, whom she marries, Keith is killed in the war, and Patricia takes up work on the land. She finds happiness in planning the future of her little son, and in an ordered life of love and service.

**\*Goncourt (Edmund Louis Antoine Huot and Jules Alfred Huot de).** RENÉE MAUPÉRIN ("The Modern Library of the World's Best Books," 76). New York, Boni & Liveright [1919]. 7 in. 242 pp. il. ports., 75 cents n. 843.8

A translation of this tragic story in a convenient format and attractive binding.

**Graham (Winifred).** FALLING WATERS. Hutchinson [1919]. 7½ in. 319 pp., 6/9 n.

The main feature of this story is a friendship between the middle-aged bachelor-hero, Sir Vaughan Vipon, who is eloquent upon the privileges and advantages of growing old, and Helena St. Quain, the wife of a Cabinet minister. The bachelor for a while falls in love with his friend's very young daughter, but the girl marries a more youthful lover, and the older people settle down to enjoy their "Age-Glory." The author's leading idea is expressed in one of Helena's sayings: "If men and women would believe that during the 'longest life they are still in the schoolroom, learning, and finding themselves,' absorbing all that is best in their fellow-scholars, I don't think there would be one-half that thoughtless and needless dread of getting old."

**Hudson (Stephen).** RICHARD KURT. Secker [1919]: 7½ in. 341 pp., 7/6 n.  
See review, p. 1153.

**Kerr (Sophie).** SHOOTING STARS: a story of to-day. Hurst & Blackett [1919]. 7½ in. 319 pp., 6/9 n. 813.5

The story is that of the married life of Harleth Crossey, a wealthy American, said by his mother to be "as self-willed as a shooting star and just as uncomfortable about the house." He is really attached to his wife Marcia, who returns his affection, and is both capable and handsome; but trouble comes into their lives in the person of Leila Templeton, an old friend of both. The author has good power of characterization and writes well, so that the book is attractive.

**Lund (Kathleen A.).** IN AND OUT OF THE WOOD. Heath Cranton [1919]. 7½ in. 304 pp., 6/ n.

Sir Christopher Lacy, a benevolent retired Egyptian official, establishes himself and his major-domo in a spinster's house in a West-Country village. The atmosphere is generally placid and artistic, though in the neighbouring wood dwell some queer, misshapen specimens of humanity. The outbreak of the war brings changes into the quiet household, but the



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interest of the story remains literary and artistic. The author is evidently fond of gardens and roses.

**Merejkowski (Dmitri).** *THE FORERUNNER: the romance of Leonardo da Vinci.* Constable [1919]. 7½ in. 463 pp., 3/6 n. 891.73

The sixth impression of this translation of Merejkowski's powerful and striking romance, dealing with the life of a man who intellectually was two centuries in advance of his age, and only now is beginning to receive due appreciation for his extraordinarily wide interests and vast knowledge.

**\*Ozaki (Yei Theodora, Madame Yukio),** ed. *ROMANCES OF OLD JAPAN*; rendered into English from Japanese sources. Simpkin & Marshall [1919]. 10 in. 288 pp. col. plates, in cardboard box, 30/ n. 895

Some thirty pictures of Japanese artists adorn this beautiful book, which contains eleven stories faithfully rendered by the translator of the "Japanese Fairy Book" (1903) and "Warriors of Old Japan" (1909). They are stories of the past, like "The Tragedy of Kesa Gozen" and "Loyal even unto Death," cherished treasures of old romance, or like "Ursato, or the Crow of Dawn," taken from the Gidayu or musical drama. These characteristic native idylls are charmingly translated.

**Riley (W.).** *JERRY AND BEN.* Jenkins, 1920. 7½ in. 320 pp., 7/ n.

The two spinsters, one of whom receives a legacy of a cottage in the West Riding, are attractive women whose fortunes and daily lives it is pleasant to follow through the pages of Mr. Riley's book. The moorland scenery is ably described, but we fear that Peg, for all her culture, was weak in geology, or she could scarcely have christened the jumble of rocks in the valley a "glacier." "Moraine" would have been nearer the mark. "Flitterkins," Tom Turnpenny, the serious-minded Jerry, and "Gee-Gee" are all characters with whom the reader will like to become acquainted, and the story as a whole is a careful study of dalesfolk and their ways.

**Shaw (Frank H.).** *ON GREAT WATERS.* Cassell [1919]. 7½ in. 336 pp., 7/ n.

The British Merchant Service, to which Lord Fisher in his "Memories" has recently paid a glowing tribute, is described by Mr. Shaw with vigour, actuality, and skilful word-painting. The training of the sea-going apprentices; the personalities of a crew, from the skipper and mates to the ordinary seaman; the perils and hardships, solitary watchings, and bewildering vicissitudes of weather, are admirably brought home to the reader.

**Tremlett (Mrs. Horace).** *PLATONIC PETER.* Hutchinson [1919]. 7½ in. 287 pp., 6/9 n.

A bright and entertaining story, dealing with the dazzlingly attractive wife of a provincial mayor, who is to a susceptible brigade-major as a candle to a moth. Judy, the Mayoress, is quite a "good sort," agile in skating over the thinnest of thin ice, and really fond of her husband. There is a terrible "to-do," but the trouble is fleeting, and the end of the tale is quite satisfactory.

**Weyman (Stanley J.).** *THE GREAT HOUSE.* Murray, 1919. 7½ in. 384 pp., 7/ n.  
See review, p. 1153.

910 **GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.**

**Forsyth (J.).** *THE HIGHLANDS OF CENTRAL INDIA: notes on their forests and wild tribes, natural history, and sports.* Chapman & Hall, 1919. 9 in. 400 pp. il. map, apps., 12/6 n. 915.43

A new edition of Captain Forsyth's work on sport in India. The book, which has long been out of print, and is now restored to circulation at the suggestion of the British authorities in Central India, was described by Theodore Roosevelt as the best sporting book he had read.

**\*Koebel (W. H.).** *THE GREAT SOUTH LAND: the River Plate and Southern Brazil of to-day.* Thornton Butterworth [1919]. 9 in. 314 pp. index, 15/ n. 918

A recognized authority on the political, economic, and social geography of South America, Mr. Koebel has revisited the republics during the war, and is in a position to register recent changes and offer trustworthy information on present conditions, especially the prospects for British enterprise. A map would have been helpful to the reader.

## 920 BIOGRAPHY.

**Fisher (Admiral of the Fleet, Sir John Arbuthnot, 1st Baron).** *MEMORIES.* Hodder & Stoughton, 1919. 9½ in. 311 pp. il. pors. index, 21/ n. 920

This remarkable book is full of good things. The rush of the author's forcible prose recalls the headlong progress of a motor-cycle emitting explosive noises. Each "burst" is a biting criticism, a funny yarn, or a pawky aphorism. The pious ejaculation in the Admiral's letter to "Winston"—"I hear that a new order of Knighthood is on the tapis—O.M.G. (Oh! My God!)—Shower it on the Admiralty!!"—King Edward's mild request, during one of the author's moments of berserker enthusiasm, "Would you kindly leave off shaking your fist in my face?" the tale of the old woman eating a penny bun in Trafalgar Square, who asked the author's friend Buggins, "What are them lions a-guarding of?" the story of the "red-haired, short, fat major, livid with rage," who complained to Fisher that a bluejacket had shoved him into a boat and said to him, "Hurry up, you bloody lobster, or I'll be 'ung!" the complaint of the young Grand Duchess Olga that at a picnic the gnats bit her ankles, in reply to which the Admiral telegraphed that he "wished to God" he "had been one of the gnats"; the remarks, "One of the charms of the Christian religion is that the Foolish confound the Wise. The Atheists are all brainy men. Myself, I hate a brainy man," and "No one votes more for the Sermon on the Mount than I do; but I say to a blithering fool 'Begone!'"—these are only a few of the *bonnes bouches* awaiting the reader. Lord Fisher's noble tribute to King Edward is absolutely frank, deliciously unconventional, and obviously from the heart. This, and the author's unstinted praise of "the magnificent Merchant Navy," his appreciation of Lord Kitchener, and the often repeated expressions of veneration for Nelson, are among the more serious features of an autobiography which, like most outstanding work, is both grave and gay. A review will appear.

## 940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

**Coldicott (Rowlands).** *LONDON MEN IN PALESTINE; and how they marched to Jerusalem.* Arnold, 1919. 9 in. 243 pp. il. maps, 12/6 n. 940.9

In vivid word-painting of the desert cities of Philistia; in a journal of marches "over the bare and trackless plains," bivouacs, sedentary fighting, and battles of manoeuvre—in prose often more lyrical than the snatches of verse with which the narrative is interspersed—Capt. Coldicott pours out the impressions of a Londoner in the movements that ended in the capture of Jerusalem, at which he was wounded. His book is a good description of war from the individual soldier's point of view. The two sketch-maps are the work of Sergt. G. S. White, and some of the photographs are excellent.

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